

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1872.

## The Week.

A DELEGATION of Pennsylvania politicians, numbering about thirty, and headed by Senator Cameron and General Hartranft, went on to Washington the other day in a palace-car, "dispensing an elegant hospitality" (champagne and whiskey-and-water), and marched up to the White House, where they were introduced by Secretary Robeson to General Grant. By the mouth of Mayor Stokely they urged upon the President, as "representatives of the complete Republican organizations of the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, the appointment of George Truman as Postmaster of the latter city." Mr. Truman was a warm friend of the Administration—so the mayor said—had done much to help to re-elect General Grant; a great victory had been obtained, but the organization must be kept up; the Republican party in Philadelphia had not much faith in the civil-service rules; they certainly did not stop to think of them when they were rolling up majorities for Grant and Wilson, and so forth, and so forth. The President is reported as having listened attentively, and then said in reply that he did not see why on this particular occasion he should set aside the rules and regulations of the Civil-Service Commission; the civil-service system was favored by the Republican platform and was supported by the Republican party; he had, therefore, made up his mind to enforce the rules; in the present case two candidates were presented; one of them—Mr. Fairman—had been an employee in the Post-Office for some time, and, as far as he knew, was entirely competent to fill the position of Postmaster; if he was disposed to set aside the civil-service regulations and go outside, he might appoint Mr. Truman; but he could not conscientiously do so. Upon this the delegation withdrew in disgust, and there are intimations that after reaching their hotel some of the less devout among them used profane expressions and said they were sorry they "worked."

According to the explanations given by the Administration journals, this is a *bona-fide* case of civil-service reform, and everybody is reminded by it of the rebuff given by General Grant to another set of Philadelphia politicians four years ago, but, for reasons which it is not necessary to mention, the same outburst of popular satisfaction has not ensued, although everybody gives approval. There even are assertions that Mr. Fairman is "a Forney man," and that it is for Forney's sake that General Grant has sent Mr. Cameron to the right-about. But it will not occur to many people that it is necessary to consider this charge seriously. Except General Grant's malignant enemies, everybody who is outside the ranks of the working politicians will pray that the President's hands may be strengthened and that he may keep on as he has begun, and will be glad to credit his action to an honest wish for a reformed civil service, and will pay little heed to the suggestion made in some quarters, that he acted under pressure from Mr. Adolph Borie, Mr. George W. Childs, and Mr. George Stuart. We are happy to add that examinations are now reported as going on at the Custom-house in this city, where applicants for two grades of offices are undergoing examination. There are said to be ninety competitors for the eleven lower offices vacant. Mr. J. P. C. Shanks and his sort to the contrary notwithstanding, we suppose President Grant could do nothing more satisfactory to the people than show them this same spectacle regularly, and perhaps, too, he will find when Congress meets that he has got on his hands a fight big enough and hard enough to satisfy even him. But it is a simple issue, and the people are distinctly not on the side of Shanks.

A letter has appeared in the columns of an evening contemporary of ours which it may be of service to reformers to peruse.

"T. W." writes to the editor concerning the men to whose exertions we owe the recent "glorious result" in this city and State, and of all men in the world we find turning up as a public-spirited anti-Greeley man the well-known Mr. Hank Smith, against whom there are we forget exactly how many indictments now pending. Mr. Smith, greatly to his horror, was taken ill as the campaign became warm. His enemies aver that the peculiar complaint which nailed him to a couch of pain was what in Mr. William Tweed's case was known as having "seen a great light" in political affairs. When you see a great light in politics, your sickness and the approach to a better world cause you to get all your anti-nepotists, strikers, shoulder-hitters, reformers, repeaters, rumshop-keepers, thieves, and political followers generally, to renounce the support of the gentleman from whose "headquarters" the great light does not proceed, and to go over, bag and baggage, to the camp of the other man. However that may be (and we do not know that Mr. Smith saw any light; only we know the Grant canvass was conducted with an extraordinary sharpness that would not have disgraced, or would have disgraced, "T. W.'s" best years), whatever may be the truth about the assertions of Mr. Smith's enemies, Mr. Smith was taken sick; he found that he could not give to the Greeley cause that wheel-horse quality of "work" which was confidently expected from him; his physicians forbade it. And as he lay and languished and reflected, a change came over him, and he wrote, says "T. W.," a great many letters—two or three hundred, if we recollect right—which he sent to all his principal political friends, and in which he assured them that could he "go to the front" he should work his utmost to secure the election of General Grant and General Dix, and exhorted them to do the same. The good of our country demanded it, he said. He deserves a great deal of credit, "T. W." says. And so does A. Oakey Hall, he says. Hall did good service in appointing, upon the right kind of representations being made to him, the right kind of men as inspectors. So we may all be pleased, we presume, or more pleased than we otherwise should have been, that Hall has got off clear from his indictment. The whole letter is good reading for the Committee of Seventy. "T. W.," we observe, praises Mr. A. B. Cornell also for his services, and Governor Morgan for his, and Mr. Commissioner Davenport for his, and does not, we believe, praise the Honorable Roscoe Conkling for his.

Our attention has been called to an error of statement in our last week's paper. Speaking of the Forty-third Congress, we said incidentally that it would assemble on the 4th of next March. In fact, however, it will not so assemble unless the Forty-second Congress should annul a recent enactment (the act of 1871, repealing the act of 1867), which postpones the meeting of Congress till December. Of this change there is, we are informed, no prospect, and we shall probably adhere to the old plan of bringing Congress together eight months after the beginning of the term—a plan attended by some inconveniences, but, as we suppose most business men will say, productive of little public injury, if not, in fact, a positive benefit. We may add to our remarks on the complexion of this same Forty-third Congress, that in all likelihood Mr. Morton of Indiana will be among its Senators—the Republican Legislative caucus of that State having unanimously put him in nomination, and his success being held to be as certain as anything future can be. This same caucus, by the way, returned its thanks to the *Indianapolis Journal*, which is understood to be Mr. Morton's organ, for its zeal in the right during the late canvass. Upon this the *Journal* thinks that the *Sentinel* (Democratic organ) should also have received the thanks of the Grant men for its services in beating its own candidate, and that thanks are also due "that sloppy little concern, the *News*." But on the whole, the reader will be glad to learn, most of our brethren are pretty civil just now. The *World* wants to get loose, however, and there are lively times in the immediate future.

The Boston papers are somewhat curiously silent in regard to some features of the great fire, but the public begins to understand that the men composing the force of the fire department were excellent, that the *matériel* also was excellent, and that the head of the department and the executive officers of the city government were incapable and unfit for their posts. Of course they were tried by a tremendous test, and one before which most men would have succumbed; but as most men are not paid to be mayors and chief-engineers of the city of Boston, this is no adequate defence. Though for the matter of that, it may well be urged against the city, as it may be urged against most American communities, if not of every one of them, big and little, and about other things than its fire department, that it could spend its money by the hundred thousand upon engines and machinery, but begrudged the comparatively modest sum which would have secured a capable head for the direction of its organization. The chief-engineer's business was to know precisely the character of the buildings in every portion of the city, to make formal and public protest against bad styles of building, to have studied thoroughly and minutely the proper course to be taken in every sort of fire; and the mayor's business was to be cool-headed and peremptory. As it was, both were inefficient. Orders to blow up buildings appear to have been flung about with very great looseness; the engineer injudiciously prevented the use of the sick horses belonging to the Department, as if a hundred horses had not better have been killed than one of the warehouses destroyed; and the mayor appears to have lost his head still more completely. Other cities, while they ponder the questions of getting a full supply of salt water, of having self-propelling fire-engines, of setting on foot a more vigorous supervision of buildings, will do well also to recollect that at the head of their fire brigades they must have as intelligent, educated, and energetic a man as they can get. He needs nearly all the qualities of a well-trained and experienced soldier, and what his political leanings are should have as much to do with his selection and with his retention of his office as his opinions about the dog Anubis or about who killed Tecumseh. But as long as we each year see the Senate, for example, refusing to give to our judges salaries equal to the ordinary gains of an eighth-rate lawyer, and as long as we hear as much noise made about the franking privilege, and "the people's" demand that it shall cease, as we hear about the millions of the railroad rings, we probably shall continue to trust the safety of our cities to cheap men whom we buy extravagantly dear.

One of the immediate effects of the Boston fire has been a sudden exhibition of energy in the fire departments all over the country. The department of this city immediately announced that "civil-service reform" had been adopted, and that politics should not in future be considered as a test of efficiency. Some of our engines at the same time turned out to experiment on the Mansard roofs. The experiment was a complete failure, the water reaching the tops of the high buildings only in the form of spray. The general opinion in the city seems to be that, with a brisk southerly wind, New York would go with a rush. We have not heard as yet, however, of any owner who has taken his Mansard down, or any action of the city authorities looking that way, though there can be no question that a vigorous edileship would be heartily welcomed by the public at large. The owners of the six-story buildings crowned with combustibles would no doubt disapprove of the proper action of the authorities; but as all their neighbors would greatly rejoice in it, those elective officers might, we should say, begin work without fear. For example, some votes would be lost if the roof were ordered off the Grand Central Hotel, a structure to the top of which no engine in the city could send anything like an effective stream of water; but, on the other hand, large numbers of votes would be gained in that immediate vicinity.

Among those losses by the fire that are most to be regretted, if not the one which is the very most to be regretted, is that sustained by Harvard College. The College is poor, and needs assistance at

the best of times, but this abatement of its annual revenue by thirty-eight thousand dollars, at a moment when the President and Fellows were considering how they could best cut down this year's expenditures by ten thousand, is particularly severe. Five stores—not nine, as some journals have said—which brought in \$38,000 a year in rent, and which it will require about \$60,000 apiece to rebuild, were destroyed. These burned stores, with the land on which they stood, were of the assessed value of \$562,000, and not more than \$100,000 of the insurance will be paid. More than this, the College is called upon for assessments in mutual insurance companies to the amount of \$6,300, and will be at once called upon to reinsure in part its buildings, collections, and libraries at an expense of some thousands of dollars. \$12,000 for extraordinary expenses will be needed immediately, and some way will have to be contrived to supply the loss of the \$38,000 of rental, and for this total sum of \$50,000 the college authorities now ask, appealing to "the alumni and other friends of liberal education." Hereafter, the main loss may be made good by further contributions, but the immediate want is to keep the present organization unimpaired for the current year, and retrenchment will have to begin unless the money is in hand by the first days of December. Retrenchment means very bad things. It means, for instance, 20 per cent. taken off the small salaries of all the instructors; it means that even the college yard must be turned over to weeds and stubble; it means that five out of eight of the assistants at the library must go and cataloguing must stop; it means that the chemical apparatus cannot be increased by so much as a new air-pump. Doubtless, the amount will be raised, though not with perfect ease. Already we hear of one gentleman who before now has been a benefactor of Harvard, and who charges himself with the duty of seeing that no young man leaves college in direct consequence of its late calamity; but the men who, apart from the self-denying teachers who have given our foremost university its intellectual rank, have done more than any others to build up the institution, are themselves, to a great extent, crippled by the same event which has partly crippled the college. We should hope that of the aid, foreign and domestic, which has been proffered the city by its friends, some portion, and a large portion, might be given to this particular sufferer. The President and Fellows have a clear right to a good share of it; and they represent about the most impoverished of those who will apply for relief, as well as about the most deserving.

The murder of Anthony F. O'Neil, a detective, by James C. King, on Monday last, was one of the most deliberate assassinations which has ever taken place even in New York. O'Neil had been testifying in a divorce suit pending between King and his wife at the office of Judge Sutherland, referee in the suit. As O'Neil was leaving the office with other witnesses and the parties, the case having just been adjourned for the day, King followed him with a pistol, and fired three shots in rapid succession, mortally wounding his victim, who died almost immediately. King then walked back to the referee, and said, "Here, Judge, I have settled it," handing him at the same time the revolver with which he had just been firing. He made no attempt at resistance, but surrendered himself willingly, and has been, according to all the reports, remarkably cool and composed ever since. There is no particular reason that we can see why he should not be. He killed O'Neil, according to his own story, for undue intimacy with his wife; and the chances of his ever being convicted of murder are very small. He is said to have committed other murders, and if so, he has no doubt studied with care such *causes célèbres* as the Fair and the Stokes trials. The natural result of a study of this class of cases would be to convince any ordinarily sensible criminal that with good legal advice, in any case with a woman in it, he could be reasonably sure either of a verdict of insanity or a disagreement. His self-possession and perfect willingness to be taken perhaps indicate that he took legal advice before getting his pistol.

The London *Spectator* some time since, remarking upon the Pennsylvania judiciary, said in effect that they were as well-known



corruptionists as our New York Cardozos and Barnards. This assertion was at once contradicted by a Mr. Rawle, a resident of Philadelphia, who assured the editor that such an accusation filled Pennsylvanians with wonder; whereupon the *Spectator* says that, in that case, the New York papers from which, as it implies, it got its information, must have been very much mistaken. For one New York paper, we can only say that we have been tolerably attentive readers of our city press for a number of years, and that most certainly we do not remember to have seen even once any charges such as the *Spectator* mentions. That they have not been common or frequent we are perfectly sure. The judiciary of Pennsylvania is known to the people of other States as having long been highly respectable. The public opinion in reference to it is well illustrated by the action of the people, commented on by a correspondent of ours a week or two ago: they have recently committed to the care of the judiciary some of the most important offices formerly elective, and some of the most weighty trusts that could be consigned to any body of men. In Philadelphia the judges appoint the Guardians of the Poor, the Board of Health, the Prison Inspectors, the Board of Education, and the Board of Trusts, which latter is trustee of an immense property. We think the tone of the public press generally, and of our New York press in particular, has fully confirmed the feeling thus manifested in Pennsylvania.

There is a very singular muddle in the political affairs of three or four of the Southern States. Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama are all reminding us in a fresh way of a truth which we have too much forgotten of late years, and that is, that it is not the carpet-bagger of whom we hear so much who is wholly responsible for Southern disorder, but that a great portion of the South, the larger portion of it by far, has always been a frontier country, ill civilized to the point of reckless and habitual disregard of law. In Louisiana, Warmoth, the reformer and Liberal, appears to be fighting the Custom-house Republicans by high-handed abuse of his power as governor, backed by support from creatures of his in the judiciary, who use the authority of their courts in his behalf. Everybody is tied up at present by injunctions, and Kellogg, Casey, and the United States marshal and his deputies are watching Warmoth's proceedings with a very good will to levy open war upon him if a chance is afforded them. In Alabama, the holding-over officers of the Legislature, who are Democratic, are said to be trying to prevent a Legislature from getting itself together, and Republicans and Democrats have each set up a House and Senate. In Arkansas, glaring frauds are attributed to both parties, and both claim the Legislature, while the Republican partisans, as in Louisiana and Alabama, are ready to invoke the military interference of the United States. The temptation to interference will be great; but we must recollect what the South always was in the days when the North had not yet felt compelled to assume the moral responsibilities of its neighbors. They fight now disgracefully, but they always did fight.

The French crisis has come at last. The Assembly having come together at Versailles, and having re-elected M. Grévy President by an overwhelming vote, the message of M. Thiers was received and read. This document refers with pride to the extraordinary success of the last loan; shows a deficit of 132,000,000 francs for the past year; prophesies an equilibrium of expenditure and income for '73 and a surplus for '74; alludes to the "cruel dismemberment of the country"; appeals to Republican extremists and doctrinaires to sacrifice everything for the maintenance of order; deprecates a formal proclamation of the Republic by the Assembly, and counsels Conservative Republicanism. The message was well received by the Left. The Conservatives at once united for an attack on Gambetta and the Government together, the means employed being a motion, introduced by General Changarnier, censuring Gambetta for his late inflammatory speeches in the provinces, and referring at the same time, in strong language, to the "laxity of the Government" in dealing with the Radicals. This motion caused a sensation, and the Right tried to provoke Gambetta into replying; but

Gambetta only shrugged his shoulders. M. Thiers then mounted the tribune, protested against being brought to the bar as a criminal, threw out a hint that if the Assembly did not take care it might be sent about its business, admitted that Gambetta's Grenoble speech was offensive, but denied that he (Thiers) was responsible for it; and finally demanded a vote of confidence, which was given by 267 to 117, half the deputies not voting. A full caucus of the Right followed, which called on the President to refrain from interfering in Parliamentary debates, and to appoint a responsible ministry. As we go to press, there is an unconfirmed rumor of the resignation of Thiers, and the appointment of MacMahon as President *ad interim*, and talk of a triumvirate of generals.

The German Government has issued a decree which puts an end to the practice of transporting emigrants and their baggage at low rates over the railroads of the Empire. The motive of the decree is obvious: emigration, it is feared, may have a serious effect on the prosperity of the Empire by diminishing the arms-bearing population. The main object German emigrants have in view in coming to America is to escape military service, while it is one of the main objects of the German Government to keep its people in a state of constant preparation for war. Of course, any large emigration of young men of the military age would render the relative strength of France and Germany very different from what it now is—the French not being an emigrating people. There seems to be in some quarters a disposition to explain this act of the Government as unfriendly to the United States, but there is no reason for thinking so. It does not really discourage emigration, but it orders the railways to stop encouraging it—a different proceeding, and one which even a "free" government like England or the United States might resort to in similar circumstances without any sacrifice of principle. Whether Germany will go so far as to prevent emigrants from leaving the country, remains to be seen. We certainly entertain the devout hope that enough Germans may remain at home to prevent any more sham Corsicans from setting out on the European war-path, and at the same time that enough of them may come over here to prevent Tammany and its congeners getting their heads above water. Bismarck and his "licentious soldiery" are doing good work for the "good cause" in both hemispheres.

Miss Sophia Jex Blake is still pressing her suit against the Edinburgh University, and may yet succeed in getting a degree, though the chances appear to be against her. We do not know precisely what her line of procedure has been, but we suspect from certain indications that it smacks a little of the famous "short cut" method so dear to our own American women, and which consists of a little of that fraud, precipitancy, and contempt for the laws of both God and man which many poets and philosophers since the dawn of history have mentioned as being peculiarly characteristic of the nature of woman. We note, by the bye, that in our own land this little obliquity, to give it a mild name, has got Miss S. B. Anthony and fifteen other ladies—of whom we have no wish to speak otherwise than with all the respect they deserve—arrested by a deputy marshal for illegal practices in connection with the ballot-box. She and her friends overawed the inspectors and got in their ballots, and now they are in the firm grasp of the law, and may find that their favorite "short cut" leads to imprisonment in dungeons and a pecuniary mulct. Miss Blake's counsel argued, we see, that women had formerly had the right to receive degrees from the Edinburgh University, and her opponent argued that if they had ever had the right, it had expired and disappeared by reason of disuse. Subsequently, we are told, "Lord Neaves and the Lord Justice Clerk both made ostensibly comic references to Pope Joan," and the laughter that ensued can be imagined; a hard-headed Scotch lawyer, with a good mediæval belief in the scarletness of the scarlet woman, engaged in trying the case of a woman who wants to be a practising physician, may be depended on to show a tremulous susceptibility to what is known in the Northern Athens as "wut."

## A SECTIONAL REVIEW OF THE LATE CANVASS.

THE genesis of the political movement which suffered so signal and complete a break-down on the fifth of November, we owe notoriously to that portion of the country which it is now the fashion to call the Interior; in other words, the Mississippi Valley, the Great West of former times. More narrowly, we owe it to certain politicians of St. Louis, who, for the sake of an alliance supposed to be valuable, consented that the effort to create a new party in ninety days should be known in history as the Cincinnati movement. Whatever enthusiasm attended it in the beginning was confined to those two cities; elsewhere, at least in the North, its results were awaited with indifference, distrust, apprehension, or simple expectancy. Moreover, as the reasonable hopes of its success depended absolutely on the disposition towards it of the Democratic party, the part taken in it by the *Missouri Republican* was second to no other in importance. In fact, the *Republican* came as near as the country came to the nomination of Adams, to being able to boast to-day that a single newspaper had effected an unprecedented revolution in American politics, compelling one party to abdicate, and another to resign the reins of power, all within twelve months from the time when it first opened its mouth. The able advocate of the adoption of the "passive policy" by the Democracy at large only needed a little more sagacity to have really reached this distinction. Probably it miscalculated Mr. Gratz Brown's chances of nomination, thinking them equal to his ambition; and certainly it was blinded by the false expediency of "anything to beat Grant."

Missouri, which thus fathered the reform movement, also strangled it the day it was born. Mr. Greeley's and Mr. Fenton's retainers would have failed of their purpose in the Convention but for the timely interference of Frank Blair and his kinsman, Gratz Brown. In the latter's withdrawal of his own name from the contest, and his recommendation of Mr. Greeley, there was room for several motives. The personal may have been strongest—the fear that Adams's nomination for President would not ensure his own for Vice-President. But possibly we have a right to detect here one of those sectional jealousies which always appear on similar occasions, and to which may be ascribed that measure of implacable opposition in the body of the Convention just necessary to cheat Mr. Adams of his majority. What is indisputable is that both the attempt and the failure at Cincinnati must be laid at the door of the Missourians; that one of their number, Mr. Schurz, had an opportunity to retrieve the disaster, but missed it; that the Ohio members of the Union and Reform Convention, sitting at the same time, had another opportunity, but they too missed it; and that from that moment the control of the movement was taken out of the hands of its originators, and passed from the Interior to another and fatally incapable section of the country.

The representation of the South in the Convention was an error which had already been expiated when the Democratic party was called upon to pronounce for or against the nomination of Greeley. Had the South revolted, with one mind, against this insult to its common sense, the Cincinnati movement would have fallen perfectly flat, and given place to the usual struggle between Republicans and Democrats, with the party lines strictly drawn as ever. The South did not revolt, however, but fell to eating "boiled crow" with a simulation of appetite which decided the Baltimore Convention to recommend the same diet as wholesome, Democratic, and regular. The leadership of the South was consequently confirmed, and its appearance in that rôle changed the color of the campaign, made "reconciliation," and not reform, the chief object of a change of administration, and thus singularly perverted the nature of the reform movement by substituting a very subordinate part for the whole. The grievance under which the South labored was an incident of bad government, and, great as it was, only an incident. The essence of carpet-baggism pervades the whole system of our civil service, having been first introduced by a Southern President, and never having been denounced by any statesman South of Mason and Dixon's line. To expect the North, aware how it is itself corrupted and plundered

by the spoils' doctrine of office-holding, to treat the condition of the South as an isolated phenomenon, and as a wholly unmerited misfortune, was to pay a poor tribute to its discernment. No candidate could have been got better calculated to confound these distinctions than Mr. Greeley, who had in perfection the sentimental infirmity which condones evil-doing as soon as the culprit has begun to suffer the penalty of it; who was engaged in the practice and defence of the spoils system down to the very day of his nomination, and promised in his subsequent speeches to maintain it, and who has nothing which rests more heavily on his conscience than his borrowing the "cant" of the civil-service reformers, when he pledged himself to the principles of the Cincinnati platform.

Beyond all question we have seen the last of the South as a political unit and concerted element in our national issues. It has lost the power to conduct a campaign, has no favors to promise and none to exact. It has "betrayed" its ancient ally, the Democratic party of the North, if not to death, at least to that humiliation of dishonor which is worse than death. From that quarter it will receive no further advances. It is divided against itself, thanks partly to the carpet-bagger and partly to the growth of the political sense. Henceforth, it is safe to predict, the Southern States will take sides in Presidential elections exactly as the Northern and Western take sides, from divers considerations, and not from an exclusive reference to "the South." As a province having peculiar institutions and a peculiar creed, it has ceased to exist. Nor, in face of the wide distribution of Grant's majority, can it be said that any province remains in which sectional should steadily prevail over national considerations. The rod of empire is commonly asserted to have passed to the West; but in the very act the West itself melts away into a broader division, in which the diversity of material interests will probably always hinder a perfect unanimity in politics. Yet if any one could point out the line of cleavage between what is Western and what is Eastern in feeling and purpose and interest, the weight of the East will not easily be slighted whenever it chooses to make itself count in the scale. In the late election, every State east of the Alleghanies, from Maine to Maryland, stood shoulder to shoulder, and cast two-thirds of the majority of electoral votes. The "centre of gravity" of population has not, we believe, yet crossed the great Appalachian chain; and until it does, it will always command sufficient respect to enable it to appoint one of the two highest officers in the Government, as has just happened in the case of Mr. Wilson. Meantime, the great colonies on the Pacific Coast and eastward to the Rocky Mountains furnish a daily increasing counterpoise to the influence of the Interior. In short, all parts of the country seem at last happily adjusted in an equilibrium of the highest promise for our national development.

## A NEW EXPERIMENT OF CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE District of Columbia is now practically merged in the City of Washington. According to the form and theory of Congressional legislation, perhaps the reverse of this has been done, and the city been merged in the new "Territory." Taking them both, however, for what they really are—a city and its suburbs—they present probably the most curious problem or experiment of city government that can be found at home or abroad.

When the seat of government was moved from Philadelphia to certain farms and forests on the northerly bank of the Potomac, a mile or two below the village of Georgetown, it was intended that a town should grow up which should not be to America what Paris was to France—the controlling centre of power and influence—but which should form the mere habitation of the Federal Government, and be restricted to that one object, much as Oxford and Cambridge are given up to the universities and kept free from the bustle of traffic and in the quiet of university towns. Situated at the head of river navigation, and of a river which first-class sea-going vessels like the old steamer *Baltic* can ascend, at the foot of a canal running back through a fertile valley into the coal regions, surrounded by a cultivated country, and possessing a water-power said to equal



that of Lowell, with railway communication running north and south and west, it would seem as though the will of the founders had suspended the ordinary laws of growth and progress, and that the town had been preordained, notwithstanding its extraordinary advantages, to remain simply the seat of the General Government, and at this day to be without a single manufacturing establishment or a single wholesale business house.

For the last half-century the external condition of the city has been called disgraceful, it being plunged in mud through one-half of the year and enveloped in dust during the other. But it has not been generally known that Congress, with characteristic niggardliness, has compelled the Government of the United States to enter into a petty partnership with the city corporation, whereby the one paved and lighted the avenues and the other the streets. In this arrangement each of the contracting parties seemed to strive not to do more than the other. If a street needed a sewer, and all of its inhabitants petitioned for it and were willing to be assessed for the "improvement," still it would not be done, because the sewer must run down an avenue, and the General Government would get the advantages of it for nothing. If an avenue became an impassable morass, the General Government would do nothing, because the corporation did not pave its intersecting streets. Thus great marble piles of showy public buildings arose, connected by barbaric thoroughfares which would have provoked the scorn of a European peasant.

A class of economical politicians at the same time were not wanting to object to all expenditures for the seat of government. Chief of these was Mr. Greeley, who, before he thought of making Washington his temporary residence, was very fond of giving its inhabitants what he called sound, practical common-sense advice, to go to work and pave and sewer and improve their city, as the people of other cities did, and pay for it themselves, and not expect anything in the way of help from the Government. The citizens of Washington, however, were a peculiar class. Nominally citizens and residents, they were mere temporary sojourners, with homes in the different States from which they came, to which they expected some day to return. Their business was directly or indirectly with the Government, and more or less subject to its political fluctuations and changes. Few of them were born there; few expected to die there; and those who were wise enough to think they might, generally provided that they should be buried somewhere else, choosing, of course, the place which they called home. They knew that they had little more concern in the improvement of the national capital than the other citizens of the country. To such people Mr. Greeley's "common-sense" advice to put their hands in their pockets and pay for making the seat of government a superb city while the rest of the United States looked on, was, like many other of Mr. Greeley's common-sense utterances, so much practical moonshine. The lesser part of the community who really regarded Washington as their home, also knew how small a part of it belonged to them, and how much must be given up to strangers. Thus, if they sought to build a church, they knew that half of it would be for themselves and the other half for persons who never gave a dollar toward its erection, who would not contribute toward its expenses nor take any part in its parochial work. This extraordinary compound of residence without citizenship or abiding interest in one-half of the inhabitants, with utter political hopelessness in the other half, was singularly illustrated in the public officers of the District. When the question of expensive improvements was under discussion, the people of Washington were told that they were like the citizens of other towns, and must pay the bills. But when any of the local offices was vacant, then they were told that Washington was the seat of Government, and that the politicians all over the country were equally entitled with its residents to share in its official plunder. We all know how sensitive Americans are on the subject of local offices, and how they even forbid themselves by law to elect a local officer from without his district. What now would be thought in New York if a stranger from Arkansas were forced upon us as

Recorder, and another from Wisconsin as Surrogate? Yet this is just what has been done with the District, and at this time every judge upon its local bench was when appointed a resident of some State unacquainted with the laws and usages of the District of Columbia. Notwithstanding all of these disadvantages to improvement, the city has grown steadily, and of late years rapidly; and since the war a population has flowed into it more Northern in its training and more stable in its intention. With these changes also has come a stronger desire for the improvement of the city; a belief in its success as a winter watering-place for wealthy and fashionable sojourners; the political "rings" that rule some other American cities; and a new form of municipal government.

This new Territorial Government of the District, as it has been somewhat grandly termed, is, as a government, a most singular mixture of much shadow with the smallest possible amount of substance. It has an executive and a legislature, and the executive is solemnly enjoined to see that the laws be faithfully executed, and is empowered to grant "pardons" for offences against the laws of the Territory; but the Legislature has no power to disturb any act of Congress—that is to say, the existing law—while Congress has power to repeal any act of the Legislature. The laws made by Congress remain in fact the irrevocable law of the District, administered by courts of the United States, and not of the Territory, and all real powers of pardon are as heretofore vested in the President. The *jus imperii* is as much in the Government of the United States as it ever was, and calling the municipal authorities of a third-class town, in population not half so large as Brooklyn, and in territory not larger, if so large, as Manhattan Island, a government, is one of the absurd fancies which prefer names to things. The thing in question here would have been better understood if the Governor had been termed a Mayor; the Legislative Assembly, a Common Council; the laws, ordinances; and the power to grant pardons, a power to remit fines and penalties.

In the voting population of the District, as well as we can now analyze it, the Democratic and colored votes are about equal, with a balance of power of from four to five thousand white Republicans. On this basis is reared a paper constitution, with powers as beautifully balanced and distributed as any theoretic constitution-maker could desire. The Executive, the Upper Branch of the Legislature, and certain Executive boards are appointed by an impartial arbiter, the President, and, for greater safety, are confirmed by the Senate. The Lower Branch of the Legislature is elected by the inhabitants of the District. The Governor, therefore, it will be perceived, cannot appoint his creatures on the Executive boards, as, for instance, the Board of Public Works; the Board of Public Works cannot raise money except through the Legislature; the Legislature springs from two distinct sources, the Executive of the nation and the people of the District, and the united action of its two parts is necessary to appropriate money. If the Board of Public Works were chosen by the Legislature, then, being its creature, we might fear collusion between them. Coming into power through the selection of the President, it is too remote from the Legislature, and particularly from the popular branch, to allow the idea of collusion between them. Finally, there are provisions for submitting the question of borrowing money and running in debt to a direct vote of the people. The Board of Public Works, an independent body, is the chief administrative agency for disbursing the public funds; but the Governor holds one negative over it, the Upper Branch of the Legislature another, the Lower Branch a third, and the people themselves, in important cases, a fourth. The city government is therefore unlike any other government in this country, and with as many checks and balances as could well be put upon paper.

Nevertheless this new government of checks and limitations, in the single year of its administration, has thrown upon a community of 130,000 persons, without commerce, manufactures, or accumulated wealth, a debt of something like \$13,000,000, with direct assessments payable immediately of from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 more.

The streets from one end of the town to the other have been torn up and regraded and repaved. Some have been so cut down that houses built on the original grade now appear perched twenty feet high in the air. Others have been so filled up that the new pavement is on a level with second-story windows. Property originally valuable has been "improved" and assessed out of existence. Some of the property-holders of the city regard the Board of Works as a second Tweed-Sweeny ring, growing rich by direct collusion with the contractors; a few, of a speculative turn of mind, think the improvements a magnificent public work, causing some temporary inconvenience, but greatly adding to the general value of city property; a third class say that the improvements are not intrinsically bad, but that the general plan was adopted with reckless haste and has been pushed with the utmost extravagance. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, who witnessed the improvements in Paris undertaken by the Emperor and those in Washington by a board of citizens, has contrasted the two in a published letter, and shown that prudence, economy, and a scrupulous regard for public and individual convenience were on the side of the Emperor, and the reverse of these desirable traits on the side of this American city government.

The explanation of this state of affairs is a very simple one. As in New York so in Washington, taxes are imposed without the consent of those who pay them. The farce was, indeed, played there of submitting the question of a \$4,000,000 loan to "the people"; but of course all of "the people" who were to pocket the money after it was borrowed voted in favor of the loan, and all of "the people" who are to pay the debt after it is incurred voted against it; and as those who hoped to be recipients largely outnumbered those who feared to be obligors, the loan was triumphantly carried, and the properties of those who voted against it were pretty effectually mortgaged. It seems a difficult lesson for Americans to learn that the free cities of mediæval times are no longer needed, and that city corporations of the present day are simply corporate bodies for the management of certain public property, and should be controlled by the responsible and not by the irresponsible part of the community. When to this lesson is added a due appreciation of the fact that we cannot expect any high standard of virtue in public offices until society exact it, and that the blessings of free government do not spring from written recipes but from an actual performance of the duties of citizenship, we may hope for better things. In the meantime, we may profitably watch how far the feelings and convenience and interests of a city community may be outraged under the official eye of the President, and within the legislative hearing of Congress.

#### THE PLATE-ARMOR AND BIG-GUN FARCE IN EUROPE.

THE contest which has been going on in Europe during the last ten years between the constructors of armor-plated ships and manufacturers of rifled cannon is, we are glad to say, reaching the extreme of absurdity. It is a contest of which the well-known New Zealand tourist will doubtless read, when he goes home to his hotel in the evening after sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, with both surprise and amusement. The French led the way in building cuirassed frigates; our war demonstrated the impossibility of meeting armor-plated ships with wooden ones; the British then went into the business, and a considerable portion of the best brains of England, France, Prussia, and Russia has ever since been engaged just in trying how heavily ships might be plated without destroying their buoyancy and manageability, and in inventing guns that would smash the plating. They first produced in England a nine-inch, twelve-ton, two hundred and fifty pounder; then a ten-inch, eighteen-ton, four hundred pounder; then an eleven-inch five hundred and thirty pounder; and at last a twelve-inch seven hundred pounder. But Russia, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and even Spain have provided themselves, or are providing themselves, with guns of precisely the same length and calibre and capacity. This may seem at first sight rather extraordinary, because one would naturally imagine that, as the object of all this gunnery is to enable each nation to smash the ships of its neighbors,

they would conceal from each other the character and powers of their newest inventions. But the wonder ceases when we learn that these preparations for instant destruction are not only not carried on in secret, but each power furnishes the others on demand, in the most courteous manner, with full particulars of its latest death-dealing contrivances—drawings, specifications, and all. America, we are happy to say, is declared to have no gun at all worth consideration, and is treated as unworthy of notice. Long may she be counted out of this remarkable game.

Now for the result of this prodigious expenditure of money and science. The innocent spectator, who sees that all the maritime powers are about equally well provided with guns, will probably conclude that at any rate there is some difference between them in the matter of armor-plating; that some have stronger ships than others, or ships which the ordinary Christian guns are unable to pierce, and that they try to conceal from each other the nature and resisting power of their plating. Wrong again; they are as frank and open about it as possible. It would seem as if England could not bear to have better plates than Prussia, or Prussia than Russia. As soon as one discovers any new plan of stopping shot, it generously communicates it to all the others. The consequence is that there prevails the most beautiful equality in the matter of plating as well as in the matter of guns. It appears that the little nine-inch gun, the smallest and feeblest of all the guns, can send a shot right through the armor of every ship in the world, at 1,000 yards, except the Russian *Peter the Great* and *Hercules*, the Austrian *Custoza*, and the American *Kalamazoo*. The French fleet could all be disposed of even by the eight-inch gun, while even the Russian *Hercules* would stand no chance against the ten-inch. The British thought they had got something impregnable and unsurpassable in the *Devastation*, their latest plated monstrosity, but the Russians outdid it with their *Peter the Great*; and it now appears that the big twelve-inch seven hundred pounder can go through either of them like pasteboard, and it is said that if anything stronger than *Peter the Great* is produced, there is a fifty-ton twelve hundred pounder in preparation which will give that its quietus also. Having reached this puzzling pass, the inventors have naturally begun to pause and reflect. It is quite plain that a gun can be produced that will pierce any armor that can be made to float, and statesmen are naturally asking themselves, what is the use in going any further? Are we not rapidly approaching, if we have not already reached, the position with regard to ships in which the troops of the seventeenth century found themselves with regard to cuirasses and helmets? In other words, is the armor worth carrying? Will it not make shot more destructive, and will not the crew of an unplated ship be better off if we allow the great shot to pass right through them, and leave them to rely on speed, activity, and buoyancy to get out of the way, and deliver their own fire effectively?

These questions have recently assumed additional importance in England from the fact, that while it is acknowledged on all hands that to be perfectly secure the English fleet must be superior to the combined fleets of any other two powers, it is alleged by Mr. Reed, the late Naval Constructor, that both Prussia and Russia have ships superior to anything in the British navy; and yet, when they read of eleven and ten-inch Prussian guns going through twelve-inch solid plates, backed by a foot and a half of timber, and an "iron skin" five-eighths of an inch thick, as they have done recently, men ask themselves, what use is there in playing this game of guns against armor any longer? So what is to be done? The whole Christian nation—Evangelicals, Broad Churchmen, High Churchmen, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists, with a powerful reserve of Humanitarians—are racking their brains for some new mode of tearing the bowels out of Russians and Prussians, beating their skulls into small pieces, and stripping the flesh off their bones.

Nevertheless, if you were to go to London, St. Petersburg, or Berlin at this moment, assemble all the leading men of the country, and ask them whether they bore any ill-will to



the people of other countries, they would answer no. If you asked them whether it was not the true policy of all nations to live in peace with each other; whether their interests were not really the same; whether the true road to national happiness was not through trade, commerce, and manufactures, they would answer with emphasis that nothing was more certain. If you asked them to explain, then, why England needed guns to punch Russian armor, or Russian guns to punch English armor, they would say that it was in order to be ready for a quarrel; but if you asked them what the quarrel was to be about, not one could give you the least information. In short, you would find that their theories were those of the leading sages and economists of modern times, while their practice is that of Fiji Islanders, and their opinions of each other hardly a whit higher than the Iroquois used to entertain of the Illinois. For instance, at this moment the English are refusing to surrender Gibraltar to the Spaniards, who are the rightful owners, lest the French should wrest it from the Spaniards, and shut up the Mediterranean against the commerce of its enemies. In like manner, they are discontented with the rational and peaceful settlement of the San Juan difficulty, because they fear the Americans will use the island as a basis for "military operations" against Vancouver's Island, or, in other words, a point from which to start on expeditions for plunder and slaughter. The Prussians are lining the Rhine with tremendous fortifications, in order to prevent the French from carrying fire and sword into German farms and villages; and about three millions of men in the flower of their age are at this moment being elaborately trained, on the European continent, in the art of stealing up to other men without being seen, and dashing their brains out, or sticking long spikes into their bellies, and this at enormous expense and to the complete abandonment of all other business.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, NOV. 1, 1872.

WE are—for there is no use in disguising the fact—in a very bad temper at the present moment. The award of the German Emperor in the matter of the San Juan boundary has been anything but soothing to our feelings. We had managed to swallow the decision of the Geneva arbitrators, and even to indulge in a little eloquence on the great moral example set to all nations, though a litigant who has to pay damages is never very much pleased, I imagine, even if he has to pay less than his adversary expected. Whilst we were trying to put as good a face on the matter as possible, the German decision suddenly threw us off our balance. It was not that Englishmen in general knew very much about the merits or had any distinct ideas of the geography of Vancouver's Island, or the strategical importance of the islands whose possession was in dispute. It is my private belief that if it could have been proposed to settle the matter by tossing a sovereign, nine men out of ten would have been ready to accept the offer, and to take either result with equally placid indifference. But now that we have received a kind of judicial rebuff, and are told simply and unequivocally that we are altogether in the wrong, the matter is changed. The difference between two channels, neither of which can be said to have previously imprinted themselves upon our consciousness, suddenly becomes a matter of vital interest to the empire. We have, it appears, been giving away a key which will, on the next war, enable the American burglar to break through and steal in the most disastrous fashion. In short, the British lion within us is aroused and growls very fiercely. We are angry with the American ministers who overreached us, with our own ministers who allowed us to be overreached, and with the German Emperor who, doubtless for some diabolical ends, gave his decision against us. Perhaps it is a little undignified to find fault with an arbitration simply because the result goes against you; and ministers might fairly urge that the objections which are now filling our newspapers should have been made before. This, however, is one of the advantages of newspaper writing. A journalist is not bound to possess the gift of prophecy, but may surely rebuke other people for not possessing it. Therefore, he may applaud ministers for consenting to an arbitration when the result is not foreseen, and abuse them for having consented to it when the result turns out to be unfavorable. Somebody, at any rate, must be made to expiate our losses. And so Government is accused full loudly of having shown disgraceful pusillanimity, and, in fact, conformed to the evangelical precept of turning the second cheek to the adversary instead of ear-

rying out the current British version, and hitting him again. Especially, it is said, the interests of Canada have been disgracefully sacrificed. We gave up their claims arising from the Fenian raids, and we have now split Canada's frontier on the Pacific. The *Times*, whose natural disposition to echo the popular voice is somewhat restrained by its allegiance to the Government, has ventured upon an apology which has not made matters pleasanter. Substantially, it has repeated a good deal of what was said by Mr. Goldwin Smith some years ago: the colonies are, or ought to be, old enough to take care of themselves, and they may set up for themselves as soon as they like. Such advice—whether sensible or not—does not have a very maganimous sound, and is at any rate far from seasonable. In our sulky humor, we feel that we are open to ridicule for a cowardly retreat executed under a sham pretence of philanthropy. Everybody, it is said, laughs at us and sees through us, and we ought to be supremely discontented with the politicians who have brought us into such a scrape. And now to propose calmly to shuffle out of the difficulty by throwing the whole burden upon Canada is said to be utterly disgraceful. We may have been humiliated by the foolish weakness of our rulers, but the spirit of the nation is not so dead that it would tamely consent to the dismemberment of the empire.

All this and much more which is easily enough conceivable has been said with various degrees of force. What foundation in fact there may be for such complaints is a matter upon which I need not attempt to decide. Neither is it very easy to answer explicitly the question how much of this sentiment is mere party spirit, and how much of it is due to more deeply-rooted discontent. The cry about the British Empire has undoubtedly been very popular of late, and has been swelled by various causes. In the first place, there is the natural feeling that we have become a mere cipher in European politics, and that if we are equally ciphers in the New World it will very soon be worth nobody's while to attend to us. There is much to be said on both sides; but whether our policy of non-interference be right or wrong, it is undoubtedly trying to the national vanity. Then we must allow for what is called the Conservative reaction, so often announced and so long coming, but which seems to be now something of a reality, though greatly exaggerated by party writers. But in addition to this, many who profess and call themselves Radicals have taken up the same cry. The author of "Giux's Baby," and others who sympathize with him, have succeeded in persuading many of the laboring classes that there is a boundless supply of fertile land in the colonies which would absorb the whole of our surplus population. If those territories were properly administered in the interests of England, every workingman in difficulties would have the power of falling back upon a comfortable homestead, to which he would be transported at the public expense. If this view were systematically carried out, it might possibly happen that our present colonists would find their interests clash with those of the sovereign people at home as decidedly as the interests of certain of their predecessors clashed with those of George III. Meanwhile these various tendencies coincide to make such advice as that given by the *Times* decidedly unpalatable. Of course, the patriotic clamor is of very little importance as regards our probable policy—at any rate for the immediate future. The vision of a vast English federation spreading over the whole globe, and welded together into a homogeneous mass, is not destined to speedy realization, and the attempt to give practical effect to it would bring out a conflict of interests and opinions much more likely to produce a disruption than a closer combination. Some ardent prophets, I know, foresee the day when not only the territories which acknowledge the sway of her most gracious majesty, but also the Republicans of the United States, will be gathered together in one fold. Personally, I do not expect to see that measure carried out. The practical conclusion which I would draw refers to much simpler considerations; and indeed it amounts to little more than recording the fact that there is a storm of angry feeling gathering itself which may possibly lead to some discharges in the course of next session. Our feelings about the Washington Treaty have varied greatly at different times, and it has been alternately a source of strength and weakness to the government. Just now, it is, perhaps, loading them with more odium than ever; and few of the numerous members of Parliament who are enlightening their constituents just now in different parts of the country have referred to the subject without some expression of annoyance, though, of course, the ministerial orators have tried to insinuate some little congratulatory remarks by way of set-off.

One other topic which is just now exciting some attention may have its significance. The recent Church Congress was in one sense a great success. It was attended by a very large number of the clergy, and they made a great many animated speeches. But the impression made upon the minds of most spectators may be inferred from the advice which some of the bishops have recently taken occasion to administer. Their lordships, and the late Speaker of the House of Commons has just followed their example, appear to have

thought it specially necessary to exhort us to harmony and mutual toleration. Bishop Ellicott—who is a shrewd and a very orthodox person—says that of the three great parties in the church, the Broad Church have no importance, as they are rapidly becoming Socinians; but he begs the High and the Low Church men to fall upon each other's necks and be reconciled. I have called the bishop shrewd, and I could perhaps justify the epithet; but certainly he can hardly expect his advice to be taken. The fact of his giving it proves that the difficulty cannot be overlooked, even by the serene occupants of the bench, but it will not tend really to soften matters. The simple fact is, that High and Low Churchmen hate each other more every day, and the best specimens of insolent abuse in contemporary literature (always excepting those flowers of rhetoric which are bestowed upon English statesmen by Irish demagogues) are to be found in the organs of the rival parties. A High-Church paper at which I lately glanced incidentally mentioned its opponents as "a putrescent rabble," and perhaps the High-Church language is rather most decorous of the two. The unfortunate bishops, who have to give satisfaction to clergy of all shades, are naturally alarmed at the prospect before them. The Church Congress seems to have generated so much warmth on all sides as to force the subject upon official attention. The proper remark which is made by persons of an optimist tendency is that their bitterness is really a subject for congratulation, inasmuch as it is the product of a lively interest in church questions. That there is in fact a lively interest in them is undeniable, nor can any one tell to what developments it may lead within a short time. We may, too, if we please, contrast the enthusiasm which now exists upon such subjects with the spiritual deadness which, it is the fashion to say, characterized the beginning of the century. And yet there is one fact which has also to be taken into account; namely, that there is now a very large and very rapidly growing party which looks upon the whole dispute and all the disputants with a mixture of contempt, amusement, and pity. The Athanasian Creed, as the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledges, must really have something done to it one way or the other; and the spectacle of the fierce passions excited in the clerical bosom by discussions over language which, to the lay mind, seems for the most part to be simply antiquated scholastic gibberish, is not perhaps altogether edifying. Certainly the clergy are more quarrelsome than they used to be; and, to do them bare justice, they are more energetic in the practical discharge of their duty. The two changes may be connected, but that does not necessarily make the quarrelling harmless. Some explosion will happen one of these days, which even pacific bishops will not be able to calm down.

#### A EUROPEAN SUMMER.—VI.

FROM CHAMBERY TO MILAN.

YOUR truly sentimental tourist can never *bouder* long, and it was at Chambéry—but four hours from Geneva—that I accepted the situation, and decided that there might be mysterious delights in entering Italy whizzing through an eight-mile tunnel, like some highly-improved projectile of the period. I found my reward in the Savoyard landscape, which greets you betimes with something of a Southern smile. If it is not as Italian as Italy, it is, at least, more Italian than Switzerland—more Italian, too, I should think, than can seem natural and proper to the swarming red-legged soldiery who so ostentatiously assign it to the dominion of M. Thiers. The light and coloring had, to my eyes, not a little of that mollified depth which they had last observed in Italy. It was simply, perhaps, that the weather was hot and that the mountains were drowsing in that iridescent haze which I have seen nearer home than at Chambéry. But the vegetation, assuredly, had an all but Transalpine twist and curl, and the classic wayside tangle of corn and vines left nothing to be desired in the line of careless grace. Chambéry as a town, however, affords little premonition of Italy. There is shabbiness and shabbiness, the discriminating tourist will tell you; and that of the ancient capital of Savoy lacks color. I found a better pastime, however, than strolling through the dark, dull streets in quest of "effects" that were not forthcoming. The first urchin you meet will tell you the way to Les Charmettes and the Maison Jean-Jacques. A very pleasant way it becomes as soon as it leaves the town—a winding, climbing by-road, bordered with such a tall and sturdy hedge as to give it the air of an English lane—if you can fancy an English lane introducing you to the haunts of a Madame de Warens! The house which formerly sheltered this lady's singular *ménage* stands on a hillside above the road, which a rapid path connects with the little grass-grown terrace before it. It is a small, shabby, homely dwelling, with a certain reputable solidity, however, and more of internal spaciousness than of outside promise. The place is shown by an elderly Frenchwoman, who points out the very few surviving objects which you may touch, with the reflection—*à l'aplacement* in whatsoever degree suits you—that Rousseau's

hand has often lain there. It was presumably a meagrely-appointed house, and I wondered that on these scanty features so much expression should linger. But the edifice has an ancient ponderosity of structure, and the dust of the eighteenth century seems to lie on its worm-eaten floors, to cling to the faded old *papiers à rames* on the walls, and to lodge in the crevices of the brown wooden ceilings. Madame de Warens's bed remains, with Rousseau's own narrow couch, his little warped and cracked yellow spinet, and a battered, turnip-shaped silver timepiece, engraved with its master's name—its primitive tick as extinct as his heart-beats. It cost me, I confess, a somewhat pitying acceleration of my own to see this intimately personal relic of the *genius loci*—for it had dwelt in his waistcoat pocket, than which there is hardly a material point in space nearer to a man's consciousness—tossed so irreverently upon the table on which you deposited your fee, beside the dog-eared visitors' record—the *livre de cuisine* recently denounced by Madame Sand. In fact, the place generally, in so far as some faint ghostly presence of its famous inmates seems to linger there, is by no means exhilarating. Coppet and Ferney tell, if not of pure happiness, at least of prosperity and honor, wealth and success. But Les Charmettes is haunted by ghosts unclean and forlorn. The place tells of poverty, trouble, and impurity. A good deal of clever modern talent in France has been employed in touching up the episode of which it was the scene, and tricking it out in idyllic love-knots. But as I stand on the charming terrace I have mentioned—a little jewel of a terrace, with grassy flags and a mossy parapet, and an admirable view of great swelling violet hills—stand there reminded how much sweeter Nature is than man, the story looked rather wan and unlovely beneath these literary decorations, and I could muster no keener relish for it than is implied in perfect pity. Hero and heroine were first-rate subjects for psychology, but hardly for poetry. But, not to moralize too sternly for a tourist between trains, I should add that, as an illustration to be inserted mentally in the text of the "Confessions," a glimpse of Les Charmettes is pleasant enough. It completes the rare charm of good autobiography to behold with one's eyes the faded and battered *mise en scène* of the story; and Rousseau's narrative is so incomparably vivid and forcible, that the sordid little house at Chambéry seems of a hardly deeper shade of reality than the images you contemplate in his pages.

If I spent an hour at Les Charmettes, fumbling thus helplessly with the past, I frankly recognized on the morrow that the Mont Cenis Tunnel savors strongly of the future. As I passed along the St. Gothard, a couple of months since, I perceived, halfway up the Swiss ascent, a group of navvies at work in a gorge beneath the road. They had laid bare a broad surface of granite, and had punched in the centre of it a round, black cavity of about the dimensions, as it seemed to me, of a soup-plate. This was the embryonic form of the dark mid-channel of the St. Gothard Railway, which is to attain its perfect development some eight years hence. The Mont Cenis, therefore, may be held to have set a fashion which will be followed till the highest Himalaya is but the ornamental apex or snow-capped gable-tip of some resounding fuliginous corridor. The tunnel differs but in length from other tunnels; you spend half an hour in it. But you come whizzing out of it into Transalpine Italy, and, as you look back, may fancy it shrugging its mighty shoulders over the track—a spasmodic protest of immobility against speed. The tunnel is certainly not a poetic object, but there is no perfection without its beauty; and as you measure the long rugged outline of the pyramid of which it forms the base, you must admit that it is the perfection of a short cut. Twenty-four hours from Paris to Turin is speed for the times—speed which may content us, at any rate, until expansive Berlin has succeeded in placing itself at thirty-six from Milan. I entered Turin of a lovely August afternoon, and found a city of arcades, of pink and yellow stucco, of innumerable cafés, blue-legged officers, and ladies draped in the Spanish veil. An old friend of Italy, coming back to her, finds an easy waking for sleeping memories. Every object is a reminder. Half an hour after my arrival, as I stood at my window, looking out on the great square, it seemed to me that the scene within and without was a rough *résumé* of every pleasure and every impression I had formerly gathered from Italy: the balcony and the venetian-blind, the cool floor of speckled concrete, the lavish delusions of frescoed wall and ceiling, the broad divan framed for the noonday siesta, the massive mediæval Castello in mid-square, with its shabby rear and its pompous Palladian front, the brick *campaniles* beyond, the milder, yellower light, the brighter colors and softer sounds. Later, beneath the arcades, I found many an old acquaintance, beautiful officers, resplendent, slow-strolling, contemplative of female beauty; civil and peaceful dandies, hardly less gorgeous, with that religious faith in their moustaches and shirt-fronts which distinguishes the *belle jeunesse* of Italy; ladies most artfully veiled in lace mantillas, but with too little art—or too much nature, at least—in the region of the *corsage*; well-conditioned young *abbati*, with neatly-drawn stockings. These, indeed, are not objects of first-rate interest, and with such Turin is



rather meagrely furnished. It has no architecture, no churches, no monuments, nor especially picturesque street-scenery. It has, indeed, the great votive temple of the Superga, which stands on a high hilltop above the city, gazing across at Monte Rosa, and lifting its own fine dome against the sky with no contemptible art. But when you have seen the Superga from the quay beside the Po, as shrivelled and yellow in August as some classic Spanish stream, and said to yourself that in architecture position is half the battle, you have nothing left to visit but the Museum of pictures. The Turin Gallery, which is large and well arranged, is the fortunate owner of three or four masterpieces; a couple of magnificent Van Dycks and a couple of Paul Veroneses; the latter a Queen of Sheba and a Feast at the House of Levi—the usual splendid combination of brocades, grandees, and marble colonnades dividing skies *de turquoise malade*, as Théophile Gautier says. The Veroneses are fine, but with Venice in prospect the traveller feels at liberty to keep his best attention in reserve. If, however, he has the proper relish for Van Dyck, let him linger long and fondly here; for that admiration will never be more potently stirred than by the delicious picture of the three little royal highnesses, daughters of Charles I. All the purity of childhood is here, and all its soft solidity of structure, rounded tenderly beneath the spangled satin, and contrasted charmingly with its pompous rigidity. The little princesses, clad respectively in crimson, white, and blue, stand up in their ruffs and fardinales in dimpled serenity, squaring their infantine stomachs at the spectator with an innocence, a dignity, a delightful grotesqueness, which make the picture as real as it is elegant. You might kiss their hands, but you certainly would think twice before pinching their cheeks—provocative as they are of this tribute of admiration—and would altogether lack presumption to lift them off the ground—the royal dais on which they stand so sturdily planted *par droit de naissance*. There is something inimitable in the paternal gallantry with which the painter has touched off these imposing little ladies. They were babies, yet they were princesses, and he has contrived, we may fancy, to work into his picture an intimation that they were creatures whom, in their teens, the lucklessly smitten—even as he was prematurely—must vainly sigh for. Although the work is a masterpiece of execution, its merits under this head may be emulated—at a distance. The lovely modulations of color in the three contrasted and harmonized little satin petticoats—the solidity of the little heads, in spite of all their prettiness—the happy, unexaggerated squareness and maturity of *pose*—are, severally, points to study, to imitate, and to reproduce with profit. But the *taste* of the picture is its great secret as well as its great merit—a taste which seems one of the lost instincts of mankind. Go and enjoy this supreme expression of Van Dyck's fine sense, and admit that never was a politer work.

Milan is an older, richer, more historic city than Turin; but its general aspect is no more distinctly Italian. The long Austrian occupation, perhaps, did something to Germanize its physiognomy; though, indeed, this is an indifferent explanation when one remembers how well, picturesquely, Italy held its own in Venetia. Far be it from me, moreover, to accuse Milan of a want of picturesqueness. I mean simply that at certain points it seems rather like the last of the Northern capitals than the first of the Southern. The cathedral is before all things picturesque; it is not interesting, it is not logical, it is not even, to some minds, commandingly beautiful; but it is grandly curious, superbly rich. I hope, for my own part, that I shall never grow too fastidious to enjoy it. If it had no other beauty it would have that of impressive, immeasurable achievement. As I strolled beside its vast indented base one evening, and felt it above me, massing its grey mysteries in the starlight, while the restless human tide on which I floated rose no higher than the first great block of street-soiled marble, I was tempted to believe that beauty in great architecture is almost a secondary merit, and that the main point is mass—such mass as may make it a supreme embodiment of sustained effort. Viewed in this way, a great building is the greatest conceivable work of art. More than any other it represents difficulties annulled, resources combined, labor, courage, and patience. And there are people who tell us that art has nothing to do with morality. Little enough, doubtless, when it is concerned, ever so little, in painting the roof of Milan Cathedral within to represent carved stone-work. Of this famous roof every one has heard—how good it is, how bad, how perfect a delusion, how transparent an artifice. It is the first thing your *valet de place* shows you on entering the church. The discriminating tourist may accept it philosophically, I think; for the interior, though admirably effective, has no very recondite beauties. It is splendidly vast and dim; the altar-lamps twinkle afar through the incense-thickened air like fog-lights at sea, and the great columns rise straight to the roof, which hardly curves to meet them, with the girth and altitude of oaks of a thousand years; but there is little refinement of design—few of those felicities of proportion which the eye caresses, when it finds them, very much as the memory retains and repeats some happy line of poetry or some

delightful musical phrase. But picturesque, I repeat, is the whole vast scene, and nothing more so than a certain exhibition which I privately enjoyed of the relics of St. Charles Borromeo. This holy man lies at his eternal rest in a small but gorgeous sepulchral chapel, beneath the pavement of the church, before the high altar; and, for the modest sum of five francs, you may have his shrivelled mortality unveiled, and gaze at it in all the dreadful double scepticism of a Protestant and a tourist. The Catholic Church, I believe, has some doctrine that its ends justify at need any means whatsoever; a *fortiori*, therefore, nothing it does can be ridiculous. The performance in question, of which the good San Carlo *fit les frais*, as the French say, was impressive, certainly, but as great grotesqueness is impressive. The little sacristan, having secured his audience, whipped on a white tunic over his frock, lighted a couple of extra candles, and proceeded to remove from above the altar, by means of a crank, a sort of sliding shutter, just as you may see a shop-boy do of a morning at his master's window. In this case, too, a large sheet of plate-glass was uncovered, and, to form an idea of the *étalage*, you must imagine that a jeweller, for reasons of his own, has struck an unnatural partnership with an undertaker. The black, mummified corpse of the saint is stretched out in a glass coffin, clad in his mouldering canonicals, mitred, crosiered, and gloved, and glittering with votive jewels. It is an extraordinary mixture of death and life; the desiccated clay, the ashen rags, the hideous little black mask and skull, and the living, glowing, twinkling splendor of diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires. The collection is really fine, and various great historic names are attached to the different offerings. Whatever may be the better opinion as to whether the Church is in a decline, I cannot help thinking that she will make a tolerable figure in the world so long as she retains this great capital of *bric à brac* scintillating throughout Christendom at effectively scattered points. You see, I am forced to agree after all, in spite of the sliding shutter and the profane exhibitory arts of the sacristan, that the majesty of the Church saved the situation, or made it, at least, sublimely ridiculous. Yet it was from a natural desire to breathe a sweeter air that I immediately afterwards undertook the interminable climb to the roof of the cathedral. This is a great spectacle, and one of the best known; for every square inch of wall on the winding stairways is bescribbled with a traveller's name. There is a great glare from the far-stretching slopes of marble, a confusion (like the masts of a navy or the spears of an army) of image-capped pinnacles, biting the impalpable blue, and, better than either, a delicious view of level Lombardy, sleeping in its rich transalpine light, and looking, with its white-walled dwellings, and the spires on its horizon, like a vast green sea spotted with ships. After two months of Switzerland, the Lombard plain is a delicious rest to the eye, and the yellow, liquid, free-flowing light (as if in favored Italy the vessels of heaven were more widely opened) had for mine a charm which made me think of a great opaque mountain as a blasphemous invasion of the atmospheric spaces.

I have mentioned the cathedral first, but the prime treasure of Milan at the present hour is the beautiful, tragical Leonardo. The cathedral is good for another thousand years, but I doubt that our children will find in the most majestic and most luckless of frescoes much more than the shadow of a shadow. Its frame for many years now has been that, as one may say, of an illustrious invalid whom people visit to see how he lasts, with death-bed speeches. The picture needs not another scar or stain, now, to be the saddest work of art in the world, and battered, defaced, ruined as it is, it remains one of the greatest. It is really not amiss to compare its decay to the slow extinction of a human organism. The creation of the picture was a breath from the infinite, and the painter's conception not immeasurably less complex than that involved, say, in his own personality. There has been much talk lately about the irony of fate, but I doubt that fate was ever more ironical than when she led this most deeply calculating of artists to spend fifteen long years in building his goodly house upon the sand. And yet, after all, can I fancy this apparent irony but a deeper wisdom, for if the picture enjoyed the immortal health and bloom of a first-rate Titian we should have lost one of the most pertinent lessons in the history of art. We know it as hearsay, but here is the plain proof, that there is no limit to the amount of substance an artist may put into his work. Every painter ought once in his life to stand before the *Cenacolo* and decipher its moral. Pour everything you mentally possess into your picture, lest perchance your "prepared surface" should play you a trick! Raphael was a happier genius; you cannot look at his lovely Marriage of the Virgin at the Brera, beautiful as some first deep smile of conscious inspiration, without feeling that he foresaw no complaint against fate, and that he looked at the world with the vision of a graceful optimist. But I have left no space to speak of the Brera, nor of that paradise of bookworms with an eye for the picturesque—if such creatures exist—the Ambrosian Library; nor of that solid old basilica of St. Ambrose, with its spacious atrium and its crudely solemn mosaics, in which

it is surely your own fault if you don't forget Dr. Strauss and M. Renan, and worship as simply as a Christian of the ninth century.

It is part of the sordid prose of the Mont-Cenis road that, unlike those fine old unimproved passes, the Simplon, the Splügen, and—yet awhile longer—the St. Gothard, it denies you a glimpse of that paradise adorned by the three lakes as that of uncommented Scripture by the rivers of Eden. I made, however, from Milan an excursion to the Lake of Como which, though brief, lasted long enough to make me feel as if I, too, were a hero of romance, with leisure for a *grande passion*, and not a hurrying tourist with a "Bradshaw" in his pocket. The Lake of Como has figured largely in fiction of the sentimental sort. It is commonly the spot to which ardent young gentlemen are wont to invite the wives of other gentlemen to fly with them, and ignore the cold obstruction of public opinion. But here is a chance for the stern moralist to rejoice; the Lake of Como, too, has been improved, and can boast of a public opinion. I should pay a poor compliment, at least, to the swarming inmates of the hotels which now alternate gracefully by the water-side, with villas old and new, to think that it could not. But if it is lost to old-fashioned romance, the unsophisticated American tourist may still find delicious entertainment there. The pretty hotel at Cadenabbia offers him at least the romance of what we call at home summer board. It is all so unreal, so fictitious, so elegant and idle, so framed to undermine a rigid sense of the chief end of man not being to float for ever in an ornamental boat, beneath an awning tasselled like a circus-horse, impelled by an affable Giovanni or Antonio from one stately stretch of lake-laved villa steps to another, that departure seems as harsh and unnatural as the dream-dispelling note of some punctual voice at your bedside on a dusky winter morning. Yet I wondered, for my own part, where I had seen it all before—the pink-walled villas gleaming through their shrubberies of orange and oleander, the mountains shimmering in the hazy light like so many breasts of doves, the constant presence of the melodious Italian voice. Where, indeed, but at the Opera, when the manager has been more than usually regardless of expense? Here, in the foreground, was the palace of the nefarious barytone, with its banquet-hall opening as freely on the stage as a railway buffet on the platform; beyond, the delightful back scene, with its operatic gamut of coloring; in the middle, the scarlet-sashed *barcaioli*, grouped like a chorus, hat in hand, awaiting the conductor's signal. It was better even than being in a novel!—this being in a *libretto*.

## Correspondence.

### THE OIL PRODUCERS' ORGANIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in the *Nation*, of November 7, in commenting upon the plan of organization recently adopted by the Pennsylvania oil producers, you say:

"The plan is to establish a stock company, including producers, refiners, and also railroad lines, under the laws of Pennsylvania, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, subscriptions to be payable not in money but in oil, at five dollars a barrel, the company to be a vast oil bank, distributing or retaining the production of oil at its pleasure."

And again:

"This is the second monopoly of the kind that has been projected within a year or two, the 'South Improvement Company' having failed through the premature assumption of the office of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics by some unauthorized outsider, the public taking alarm at the statistics and information which he disseminated."

Will you allow me to correct one or two errors into which you seem to have inadvertently fallen?

First: the stock company, which has already received over a million of dollars subscription to its capital stock, is composed of *producers*, and of such persons only as the council may see proper to issue certificates of stock to, and not of "producers, refiners, and railroad lines."

Second: the scheme of the "South Improvement Company," an organization of outside capitalists only, who professed to enrich themselves by "bearing" the crude market and "bulling" the refined, thus bleeding both producer and customer, is very different from the plan of the "Producers' Agency," which seeks only to control the property of its own members, for the advantage of the producer, refiner, and consumer. It is no monopoly in any just sense, for it simply recognizes the right upon which all laws of property are based, of ownership and control of that which the vendor has himself manufactured or produced. That the refiners, who were largely interested in the "South Improvement" scheme, do not regard this as a monopoly is evinced from the fact that the "Standard Oil Company" of Cleveland, the

largest refining establishment in the world, has instructed its agents to buy oil only of the "agency," authorizing them to pay \$4 75 per barrel, the present "agency" price. The refiners can make a handsome profit with oil at \$5; and they profess themselves willing to assist the producers in maintaining a fair and fixed price for crude.

Third: the "South Improvement Company" came to grief through the action of the Legislature, which was forced to revoke the charter it had conferred, and also by the action of Congress, to which body a delegation of the leading citizens of the oil region was sent, representing in both cases that this was a most unjust monopoly, which would sacrifice for the benefit of the refiners alone the whole producing interest of the country, and also lay a heavy burden upon consumers.

GEO. O. MORGAN.

TITUSVILLE, PA., November 9, 1872.

### A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to correct a slight but to us important error in the letter of your correspondent, "Paterfamilias," published in the issue of the *Nation* of Nov. 14, 1872.

The Warren Cooker is manufactured by the *Newport* (not the "New York") Lead Works.

Thanking your correspondent (who is unknown to me) for his letter, and you for publishing it, I am, yours faithfully,

SAMUEL R. HONEY, Gen. Agent.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16, 1872.

## Notes.

MR. CHRISTERN reminds us, apropos of our remarks last week on Rabelais, of Garnier Frères' edition of the "*Œuvres de Rabelais*," revised and annotated by M. Louis Moland, who also furnishes a life of the author, and illustrated by Gustave Doré. The samples of the latter's designs which accompany the publishers' prospectus are so disagreeably characteristic of Doré, that we feel inclined to doubt the value of his contribution to a work otherwise most beautifully executed. It is in two volumes quarto, and costs one hundred, sixty, or forty dollars, according to the paper on which it is printed.—D. Appleton & Co. will publish the second volume of Herbert Spencer's "*Principles of Psychology*"; "*Hand-book of Social Economy*," by Edmond About; "*Food and Diet*," by Dr. Edward Smith; and "*Bressant*," a novel, by Julian Hawthorne.—Holt & Williams announce "*Outlines of German Literature*," by Joseph Gostick and Robert Harrison.—"*The Life of Principal Forbes*," by Principal Shairp, Sir William Thomson, and Adams Reilly, is announced by Hurd & Houghton.—Lee & Shepard will publish translations of the encyclopædic "*Life of Alexander von Humboldt*" which we noticed last week, and of the "*Memoirs of Baron Stockmar*."—We have received from the publisher, Mr. T. Ellwood Zell, of Philadelphia, a "*Sketch Map of the Nile Sources and Lake Region of Central Africa*," showing Dr. Livingstone's recent discoveries and his and Stanley's routes. We presume it is copied after Mr. Keith Johnston's map of the same nature, which we see announced in England. The route next proposed to himself by Dr. Livingstone is indicated as far as the extreme point reached in his previous journeyings northward—namely, the unvisited lake into which Webb's Lualaba broadens after it has received the waters of Lake Lincoln. The fountains of Herodotus are placed just west of Lake Bangweolo. The map-maker carefully leaves it an open question whether the explorer will find himself at last on the Congo or on the Nile; but cuts him off from Lake Albert Nyanza by a mountain barrier.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published a new edition of Hardwick's excellent "*History of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages*," edited by Professor Stubbs. The name of the editor is a guaranty of the accuracy and excellence of the edition; but the maps, by Mr. Keith Johnston, are singularly inadequate. In the first place, they are indistinct, and ruinous to the eyes; but they are not even correct. In No. 2, "*Asia at the middle of the Xth Century*," the Mohammedan Empire is made to extend from the Danube and the Crimea to beyond the mouth of the Ganges, an extent which it did not reach till centuries after. In No. 3, "*Europe at the middle of the XIth Century*," the Mohammedans have lost ground, only holding Greece and to the Danube a little above its mouth, an empire, we need not say, as mythical as the last. The worst feature of the maps is the anachronisms. We have Switzerland upon a map of the XIth Century; and such combinations of names on the map of the IXth century as Rotomagus and Burdigala by the side of Coblenz and Strasbourg. But there are also stranger omissions:



Milan, Cologne, Frankfurt, Worms, Saxony as a duchy, and Lotharinga are omitted; and Venice and Florence on the map where one would not look for them. Again, the maps undertake to indicate Bishops' Sees by a special mark; but Mentz, Trèves, Rheims, Salzburg, and Münster are not thus marked, while Lüttich, Metz, Worms, Spire, and Cologne are not given at all. The map of the British Isles is a serviceable one, but the others we should hardly think would be of any use to any one who wants an historical map at all.

—"The Pulse of Health" is the title of an interesting little periodical publication, which calls itself "an exponent of cumulative exercise and general hygiene," and is published by the Health Lift Company of this city, and edited by Frank W. Reilly, M.D. The publishers, with a most commendable and at the same time remarkable honesty, announce that as they are manufacturers of one of the numerous machines in the market for use in this exercise, and so "open to the charge of ulterior motives," they wish to "emphasize the distinction between the system of exercise and any or all machines." "They believe that they have the best and cheapest machine, and that by liberal and judicious advertising," etc., etc., etc. With similar frankness we may say that we know little about the merits of the various machines now in the market, but we do think that this new kind of exercise deserves all the attention on the part of the public which is asked for it. The advantage over other forms of exercise which it is said to possess, is that while they fatigue and exhaust, this invigorates and refreshes. In walking, riding, running, or in exercises with rings, bars, dumb-bells, or clubs, a few muscles are used over and over and over again in overcoming a constant or uniform weight or resistance, and, moreover, the absolute contraction of muscular tissue is the same, whether the time be long or short. In cumulative exercise, on the contrary, additional muscles are brought into use successively, by a successive increase of the amount of weight or resistance, the result being a "perfect and complete exercise of the entire muscular system." In all the machines of which we have seen any notice, the method employed is that of lifting. The effects of cumulative exercise, indicated by the sphygmograph—pulse-tracer—are a "reduction of the rate of the pulse, and a corresponding increase in force, volume, and regularity"; while the ordinary forms of exercise make the pulse frequent and irregular—the frequent motions of a few muscles "creating a demand for fresh blood from the heart, whilst their contraction is not sufficient to send venous blood to the heart in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, and, consequently, the heart beats oftener, throbs violently, and sometimes irregularly"; a statement which every one of moderate strength, accustomed to gymnasia, will probably corroborate. Another good effect is the muscular absorption of oxygen caused by cumulative exercise—much greater in amount than that absorbed in ordinary exertions of the muscles. This oxygenation explains the "sense of invigoration, freshness, and buoyancy of body and mind" which follows the use of health-lifts. Perhaps no one can speak with authority on the matter, until the new kind of exercise has been in use a sufficiently long time among a sufficiently large number of people to afford means of general comparison. The Germans are a stalwart people, yet they are a nation of gymnasts; the English are strong also, and they are a nation which exercises itself in out-door sports.

—One thing is evident, that as life becomes more and more artificial, exercise must be more and more scientifically studied. For those who till the ground, or engage in other occupations which require an open-air life, artificial systems of exercise are unnecessary; but for the vast and constantly increasing numbers of those who lead sedentary lives in towns and cities, exercises of all kinds will probably have to be discovered, adapted both to professional and to individual peculiarities. If many of our lawyers, merchants, editors, publishers, and clergymen had time enough for such athletic sports as most Englishmen of the well-to-do classes have, they could probably get through the year better than they now do. But they have not time. We at this moment hardly recall a single acquaintance, out of college and professional schools, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, and engaged in the pursuits of active life, who habitually either rides a horse, rows a boat, plays ball, boxes, or fences. The men engaged in business, trade, art, manufactures, or professional life are too closely confined during the day, and too tired when the day is over, to think of manly sports—or indeed anything but rest. The exercises of such men cannot be those which are adapted to classes happily possessed of leisure. The study of gymnastic exercise is for this reason more important for Americans than for almost any other people. The sacred flame which the great principle of "emulation" has kindled in the breast of the editor of the "Pulse of Health" seems to be oxygenated, to put it scientifically, by the true spirit of reform.

—By the death last week (Thursday, Nov. 14) of Professor James Hadley of Yale College, American scholarship has sustained a most deplorable loss. Those who knew him well did not hesitate to rank him as the first of American philologists—first, for the comprehensive variety of his acquisitions, for the minute accuracy of his learning, and his ready and complete command of all its resources, for his philosophical spirit, critical acumen, and sound judgment, and for his power of easy and lucid expression. Greek was his specialty, but it was far from being the only branch in which he was profoundly versed. He was a general student of language; he had mastered comparative philology, tested its methods and garnered its results; besides the classical and the usual modern languages, he had acquired the Gothic, Welsh, Armenian, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Hebrew; he was as familiar with the history and etymology of English as of Greek. Indeed, in other departments of knowledge he had shown equal ability; his lectures on the Roman law had been given with great acceptance at Harvard as well as Yale, and at the latter college were a part of the regular law course; and in earlier life he had indulged for a time a predilection for mathematics, and given promise of great eminence as a mathematician. He had been at his post in Yale twenty-seven years, commencing as tutor in 1845. Recently he had been giving himself more and more to the higher instruction of graduate students in the school of philology, of which he was a principal support, and his activity as teacher would probably have been hereafter mainly exerted there. To the school and the college his death is a very severe blow. Probably Yale has never felt a severer; for its great men have generally been taken away in the fulness of years, while he was but fifty-one, and in the very prime of his strength and usefulness. During his long term of service he had found his satisfaction, more than some do, in the results of his teaching, limiting his ambition chiefly to that which, joined with an innate modesty, an invincible disinclination to attract attention to himself, has caused him to leave for the world a less full exhibition of his powers than were to be wished. His Greek grammar, founded in part on that of Georg Curtius, yet virtually an independent work, is the most elaborate of his productions; nothing better and abler of its class exists in any language. His "Brief History of the English Language," forming a part of the introduction to Webster's Dictionary (editions of 1865 and later), has been successfully used as a manual of English study in Yale and Harvard, as well as elsewhere. He has long been an active member of the Oriental Society, and secretary of its classical section, and has presented at its meetings many valuable papers, which are in part published in its Journal, in part in other periodicals. For two years he has been President of the Society, and his fatal illness began the day but one after he had conducted its autumn meeting in New Haven. From the foundation of the Philological Association he has had a leading voice in its councils and proceedings, and held this year the office of vice-president; all its volumes of transactions have important articles from his pen; the most elaborate, "On English Vowel Quantity," appeared this summer. Others of his essays are to be found in the *New Englander*, the *North American Review*, the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy*, and in our own columns, where, far less often than we wished but not infrequently, he gave our readers the benefit of his great knowledge, his good sense, and his discriminative taste. It is to be hoped that his essays will be collected and published; and probably his lectures on the civil law, already referred to, would prove a useful text-book for our law schools in a branch of study which is generally acknowledged to receive less attention than it deserves from English and American students. Professor Hadley commanded as much respect and admiration as a man as was paid him in his capacity of scholar; in every relation of life he was irreproachable. His personal friends will indeed mourn his loss, for he was no less deservedly loved than respected.

—In "Paradise Lost" (i. 567-571), Satan reviewing his legions,

— "through the armed files  
 Parts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods:  
 Their number last he sums."

The earlier editions have a comma after "views." Newton, Bentley, Todd, and nearly all modern editors of Milton put a semicolon there. Thus pointed, "traverse" is manifestly an *adverb*, and "battalion" is the object of "views." But when Johnson was compiling his dictionary, he used an edition of the "Paradise Lost" in which, by carelessness of a printer, the comma after "views" was omitted. Misled thereby, he regarded "traverse the whole battalion" as an adverbial phrase, and made "traverse" a preposition. His first folio gives:

"TRAVERSE, *adverb* (*à travers*, French), crosswise, athwart."  
 "TRAVERSE, *prep.*, through crosswise."

For the latter definition he cites as his only authority the mispointed lines of

Milton. This blunder reappears in subsequent editions of his dictionary, and has hitherto escaped detection by any of his editors. Todd, who in his edition of Johnson inserts the comma after "views," omits it in his edition of Johnson: and almost every English lexicographer has conceded to "traverse" the place which Johnson gave it among prepositions. Ash cites "Milton" and copies Johnson's definition, but makes a blunder of his own by inserting a comma between the two words, "through, crosswise." Sheridan emphasizes this mistake by making the comma a semicolon. Walker and Webster's quarto of 1828 have "through crosswise," and the latter borrowed from Johnson the misquotation from Milton; but the "University edition" of Webster, 1847, adopted Sheridan's semicolon ("through; crosswise") for the definition. And so on. In 1855, an American contributor to *Notes and Queries* (vol. xi. p. 24) called attention to this curious sequence of errors—the accidental omission of one comma having given a new preposition to the language, and the improper insertion of another having led half a dozen lexicographers into the absurdity of defining a supposed preposition by an adverb, "crosswise." Worcester, in 1859, and the revisers of Webster, in 1864, excluded the Johnsonian "traverse, *prep.*" from the vocabulary, and the former gave the lines from Milton, correctly pointed, under "traverse," adverb. But Dr. Latham's new dictionary founded on Johnson's retains Johnson's error, and the old misquotation reappears under

"TRAVERSE, *prep.*, through crosswise."

—Mr. John Camden Hotten sends us a note in which he asks us to give us full an abstract of his reply to "Mark Twain's" recent attack upon him as we gave of "Mark Twain's" letter making the attack. We will do as well as we can, though we do not think we fully understand the reply in question. Mr. Hotten begins by saying to the editor of the *Spectator* that in June last the said editor allowed him to say in substance this: a so-called "revised edition" of Mark Twain's sketches was not truly a revised edition nor an "author's edition," but was merely a slightly altered reproduction of an edition which Mr. Hotten had himself scraped together from American journals. Secondly, says Mr. Hotten, "Mark Twain" charges that five papers added to his admitted work are of Mr. Hotten's composition and not at all of his. To this Mr. Hotten answers that he certainly did not compose them; that three of them appeared in Mark Twain's own paper, the *Buffalo Express*, and the others were very generally circulated under his name, without a single denial appearing. Thirdly, "Mark Twain" says he is not "Carl Byng" and by implication that he did not write "Carl Byng's" productions; and to this Mr. Hotten says that in that case "Mark Twain's" brother journalists in New York State must be laboring under an extraordinary delusion, for they always treat "Carl" as "Mark," and "Mark" has never once corrected them. Mr. Hotten remarks, by the way, that it is always in the *Buffalo Express*, again, that "Carl Byng's" efforts appear. The argument appears to be that "Mark" denies the Byngisms now because he desires to keep on saying that he did not write the above mentioned five sketches, but that really he is the veritable "Carl," and never denied it till just now. This argument Mr. Hotten proceeds to strengthen by narrating an incident tending to show that "Mark" has a diseased and morbid fondness for *noms de plume*. The other day he was in Mr. Hotten's shop "with one of the greatest humorists of Fleet Street," and Mr. Hotten welcomed him as "Mr. Clemens, the famous Mark Twain," upon which he observed Mr. Clemens "looked glumpy," and by-and-by "one of the greatest humorists in Fleet Street" took Mr. Hotten aside and said that Mr. Twain preferred to be called "Mr. Bryce." Thus instructed, Mr. Hotten thereafter addressed him as "Mr. Bryce," to the evident great satisfaction, not to say delight, of Mr. Clemens. We confess had we been in Mr. Hotten's place we should have suspected that Mr. Mark Twain and his Fleet-Street friend were making game of us. The story reminds us of Mr. Artemus Ward's experience with Mr. Daniel Setchell. Those two gentlemen were driving together in Maine, and the custom was for one to bind the other with cords, then going up to some farm-house door profess to be the keeper of a dangerous lunatic, who could only be quieted by profuse libations of milk, or cider, or what not. Being ministered unto by the farmer's wife or daughter the pair drove away, and then the cord being transferred from the lunatic to the keeper they were ready for the next farm-house. "Mr. Bryce's" anxiety about his name we take to have been something similar to the mental alienation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Setchell. Finally, Mr. Hotten having made his assertions as regards Mr. Clemens's fondness for pseudonyms; as to "Carl Byng's" being one of these; and as to Mr. Clemens's consequent responsibility for the five disputed sketches, adds that he has thrice written to Mr. Clemens and got no answer, and that he is always willing to pay any American "who may write or edit" for him, but that if it is left to him "to gather up manuscript trifles cast off and forgotten," and afterwards

find a market for them, he is "not prepared to pay anything," especially as he runs the risk of another publisher's putting out an edition at one-sixth of the price of his own. Perhaps Mr. Hotten ought to have reflected that some writers resent as an injury the gathering up of unconsidered trifles which they choose to disown and forget; and that being angered thereby they decline to answer his letters, and think it fair to attack him in ways not sanctioned by the usual laws of war. We do not know, but we suggest this as a solution of Mr. Clemens's indignation.

—As we are considering Mr. Hotten's case, and now that we have complied with his request for a full hearing, we will go on to tell him that we learn, from an advertisement of his printed in the *Spectator* of October 12, that "the New York Nation is struck with Dod Grile's wit and delightful badinage, every line in the most forcible English"; as to which we would say that we have not been struck by Dod Grile; that his wit, and his delightful badinage, and his forcible English are all entirely unknown to us; that we never heard of him or them till we saw Mr. Hotten's advertisement, and that we should like to know why we are quoted as having been struck with the powers of Mr. Grile. Furthermore, we may say while we are on the topic that we are now informed by a person who knew Mr. Hotten in his childhood, and whose parents were friends of Mr. Hotten's parents, that he is not of American birth as we stated the other day, but of English. And finally, Mr. Hotten himself tells us that he has made a certain covenant and agreement with that serpent, that hardy blasphemer, that foe of all the gentler feelings adorning our nature, that prodigious and frontless contemner of virtue and morality, the San Francisco *News Letter's* "Town Crier." In consideration of a sum of money to him in hand paid, this enemy of man and worse enemy of woman has bound and obligated himself to gather together his compositions into a book—a sort of cynic's *vade mecum*, a *Delectatio Demonorum* and "Fiends' Delight," which Mr. Hotten will publish. Should he do so, the reading public will see a specimen of "American humor" as unlike that of any of the other American humorists as the play of young human merry-andrews is unlike that of a young and energetic demon whose horns are well budded.

—Nearly two years have passed since M. Jules Simon, as Minister of Public Instruction of the short-lived Government of National Defence, made a spasmodic attempt to improve education in France by means of a circular addressed to the heads of academies, and by other measures of a more popular nature. He has again, with M. Thiers to back him, but on his own responsibility, and, it is said, somewhat illegally, made a vigorous start towards educational reform, having special reference to those prison-houses called *lycées*, of which there are sixty-three (including Algiers), and to the communal colleges, which number two hundred and twenty-five. To the already overcrowded course of studies in the former, M. Simon adds general gymnastics, fencing, and horsemanship, putting these exercises in the front rank, with an evident eye to the importance attached to them in Germany, where, however, they make rather more of a figure in the programmes than in actual observance. Along with this, he bestows more freedom on the professors in the choice of text-books and modes of teaching, and endeavors to make their relations with their pupils much more intimate than they are now. Of the graduate he exacts one thing—that he shall be proficient in at least one living language, preferably English or German. For the present, reforms in primary and university education and normal training, as well as in the pay of teachers, are postponed; but they can hardly come too soon.

#### SKINNER'S AMERICAN POLITICS.\*

AT the present juncture in our politics, when party ties are being rapidly effaced, and new issues are forming and fast superseding the old, nothing could be more timely than a comprehensive survey of the situation, and a full discussion as well of the past issues as of those that are now coming into prominence. It is a task of great difficulty and delicacy, and whatever his success in performing it, Mr. Skinner deserves commendation for the courage and industry with which he has set about it. We cannot but think, however, that he began the work on too extended a scale, and was obliged to curtail his plan somewhat towards the end; or it may be that he was anxious to have the book out before the election, and for this reason hurried it at the last. Whatever the cause, the last chapters are as a whole far less satisfactory than the early ones, and this not by reason of the views supported, or the arguments advanced, but because the treatment is comparatively slight and hasty. In the closing chapters, too, we find a departure from the calm and impartial tone of the earlier portions of the book, and a bitterness of language in speaking of the present Administration, which we

\* "The Issues of American Politics. A discussion of the principal questions incident to the Governmental Policy of the United States. By Orrin Skinner (of the New York Bar)." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 12mo. pp. 581.



can only characterize as partisan. It was at once unbecoming and inconsistent with the character and purposes of the treatise to introduce in this way expressions which bear only upon this present election of 1872.

Apart from this, the book deserves high praise. The first feature which strikes the reader is the clearness and felicity of the definitions and statements; Mr. Skinner has a genuine power of statement. For example, in the discussion upon the suffrage, p. 521: "There is not an instance of private policy, from walking the tow-path of a canal to the superintendence of the delicate machinery of finance or the practice of the liberal professions, in which a certain degree of *acquired fitness* is not demanded of the one who essays the performance of these simple and intricate trusts." It is all the more strange, therefore, in a writer who can express himself so clearly and well, that we meet with such incomprehensible sentences as the following, p. 552: "There are certain questions of governmental polity which, from their peculiar nature, will never receive the seal of even temporary settlement until the highest order of civilization shall have laid its hand upon every member of the human brotherhood that shall be allowed a voice in the direction of human affairs"; or the entire paragraph, p. 222, which introduces the discussion of the Fourteenth Amendment. There is also an extreme fondness for rare and technical terms—such as *joinder*, *sequential*, *facture*, *suppletory*; and not infrequently words are used in a way quite incorrect—as a *clan* (of two persons); an *ingot* of gold-bearing quartz; *trite*, apparently for *terse* (p. 571); *will for shall* (p. 537); *suffragan* for pertaining to the suffrage. Protection and free trade are spoken of as institutions; and a boy is wonderfully called "the insignia of uncompromising noise." Another affectation of style is the fondness for variety of expression, even where sameness would be more appropriate. Thus, the introductory remarks to the entire treatise and the four several books are headed respectively "Introductory," "Explanatory," "Inductive," "Preliminary," and "Preparatory."

In spite of these curious tricks of expression, the work is, in the main, written in a clear and forcible style, and contains a series of able discussions. The First Book treats of financial questions—the National currency, the National Bank system, and the public debt—and is introduced by a chapter upon money and currency, one of the best in the volume, but of a scope more suitable to a work on political economy than a treatise like this. We can hardly think that this Book would have been so extensive if the author had laid out his work with sufficient care. The Second Book treats of questions of polity, such as Reconstruction and Civil Service; the third, of Tariffs and Taxation; the fourth takes up subjects of a more general nature—Suffrage, Personal Representation, and Centralization. We have already remarked that these last discussions are unsatisfactory, with the exception of that upon suffrage, which is admirable; although even this might advantageously be a little expanded. The treatment of personal representation is very inadequate; that of centralization hardly better. And it should be remarked that several very important topics are omitted entirely—foreign relations, public lands, the Indian policy, internal improvements, the fisheries, and national education among others.

The Second Book will attract the most attention, although it treats mostly of past issues—perhaps for this reason, because they are the ones upon which the community is best informed. The chapter upon civil-service reform—the one of most immediate practical importance—contains an excellent criticism of the present method of administration, exposing its iniquities and absurdities with great force. When it comes to proposing a remedy, however, we cannot think that Mr. Skinner's plan would accomplish the desired end. It is too complicated, depends too much upon legislation, and much of it legislation which is in the direction of present abuses. The one essential thing in civil-service reform is to reinstate the old popular sentiment in regard to the matter. Before Jackson's Administration there was no need of laws upon this subject, because public opinion was sound; and in a matter like this, which cannot be absolutely controlled by statute, the only adequate guaranty for honest and efficient administration is public opinion. At present public opinion is debauched by the long practice of every party; hardly any persons now in active life can remember the time when public business was conducted on the safe and honest principles of private business, and it is simply because the majority of people cannot conceive of things different from what they are used to, that it has been so hard to start a reform. All that legislation can do is to give a respite from the present misgovernment long enough to let a new generation grow up without knowledge of the old bad way. Meantime the discussion that has been going on ever since Mr. Jenckes first brought the question prominently forward, has been very effective in educating the popular mind. It is safe to say that a reform is now demanded by the entire body of thinking men, with the exception of professional politicians; while five years ago the abuses were only a matter of private lamentation among a few.

Now we have no more faith in competitive examinations as a panacea for

the evil, than Mr. Skinner has; all they can do is to ensure the possession of certain necessary qualifications, although not of the essential ones. But they do at all events help to accomplish two things: first, to excite thought upon the matter, and interest the community in reform; secondly, to remove the subject from the realm of politics, even if inadequately and but for a time. Mr. Skinner's plan proposes a machinery which shall control the matter permanently; perhaps it would, as he asserts, result in an efficient and honest civil service; but it would be at the risk of certain decided disadvantages, and, more than that, it aims to accomplish by machinery what can only be accomplished by political morality. He is entirely right in his view that any method, to be successful, must act above all by "removing the cause which generates the motive, by changing the springs of action which control the management of the service" (p. 362). And if we thought that the only way thus to remove the cause was the one he proposes, we should at once assent to it, little as we like some features of it. But on its own merits, we are entirely opposed to his first proposition to prohibit the re-election of a President. Our system is wasteful enough as it is, in relegating to private life for the rest of his days every person who has risen to the post which requires the widest experience and the greatest knowledge of public affairs; we should be sorry indeed, if we ever have another Washington or Lincoln in the Presidential chair, not to be suffered to retain him there. Neither do we believe that it would accomplish the desired end. It is not the power of the executive under which the country is now suffering, but of the *party*; it is because he has suffered himself to be a tool in the hands of party managers that General Grant has been condemned; not because he had undue ambition on his own behalf. And if he were ineligible for re-election, do we not suppose that Messrs. Conkling, Morton, Chandler, and Cameron would have just as efficiently manipulated the nomination of his successor as they have his own? The same reasoning will apply to making heads of departments, etc., ineligible for office for the next Administration.

Other features of the plan are equally objectionable—removal of members of the service by the next Administration, apportionment of certain offices among the States, and election of certain others by the people of several localities; *appointment* by governors, mayors, and selectmen might not be so objectionable. Certain other features are excellent—the prohibition of members of the civil service from taking an active part in State politics, the forbidding of political assessments, and the increase of salaries, etc.; as to the recommendations of members of Congress, that would take care of itself, if the matter were properly regulated otherwise.

We had marked several other points for consideration, but our limits will not allow it. We will say that the chapter upon Protection and Free Trade contains as good a statement of the argument for protection as we have ever seen. We cannot say as much for the author's historical illustrations, especially where, on p. 511, he says that "civilization, for the purposes of government, passes through four *principal* reformatory stages—democratic, monarchical, aristocratic, and republican or representative," giving as illustrations of the first three respectively "the deplorable condition of ancient Athens, the miseries of Rome under Cæsar or France under Charlemagne, and the hardships of the English people under William of Normandy and his nobles." It would be hardly possible to find worse illustrations. Ancient Athens certainly did suffer from some of the evils of democracy, but on the other hand enjoyed a constitution in which democracy was tempered and checked by some of the most remarkable and sagacious provisions in constitutional history. Rome under Cæsar—or rather in his time—was badly enough off, it is true; but its evils were the fruits not of monarchy but of lawless democracy. As for Charlemagne, his firm, wise reign is the one bright spot in many generations of misgovernment and anarchy; while if there ever was a king who kept the reins of government tightly in his own hand, it was William the Conqueror.

The general tone of Mr. Skinner's political philosophy is that of a liberal conservatism, with an occasional incongruous dash of radical democracy, as in the propositions above cited with regard to the re-eligibility of the President and Cabinet officers, and the election and distribution of members of the civil service; the doctrine (p. 367) that "rotation in office is one of the fundamental elements of republican government"; and the irreverent mention of Sir William Blackstone and Sir William Hamilton without the sign of their baronetcy.

Mr. Skinner's faults as a writer appear to be mainly due to his leaving the simple and straightforward style of expression which is natural to him, and straining after some compact and allusive form of words which shall contain a great deal of meaning, even if the meaning has to be searched for; as where, under the head of the circulating medium, he speaks (p. 110) of initiate and consummate convertibility—the latter very essential, the former not at all so. He forgets that the first requisite of

style is perspicuity, and that profundity should be in the thought rather than in its expression. In spite of these defects, he has, by this volume, earned for himself an honorable position among American political writers. If he will rid himself of these faults of style, and cultivate those powers which he possesses in so striking a degree, we may look for valuable works from his pen. Should this present pass to a second edition, we hope he will correct a material error copied from the *Nation*, though duly rectified by us. The expenses for one year of the Louisiana Legislature were \$900,000 only, and not \$9,000,000.

#### JOHNSON'S ORIENTAL RELIGIONS.\*

IT was not without a shade of misgiving that we opened a volume so bulky as this, treating of the Hindu religion. Considering how much is still obscure in the history of that religion, considering of how much loose disquisition, and daring reconstruction, and empty declamation it has been made the subject, one cannot help being suspicious in advance of the soundness and moderation of an author who can spread himself over eight hundred pages upon it. Unless, indeed, he were an original scholar, bringing new materials to light, or applying to those already gathered a closer criticism and a more acute penetration; for there is no end to the work still requiring to be done in that way. Mr. Johnson lays no claim to being such a scholar; he has access to the sources only at second-hand; he writes as a general student of religion and of religions, to whom a part of the field so rich in attractions as the Indian could not but be a theme of absorbing interest. He has made it, as he assures us, for more than twenty years his study; his notes and references abundantly show that he has resorted to the best sources, old and new, down to the newest; and he has produced a picture of the religious development of India which is faithful in its main outlines, lively and engaging in its style, and inspired throughout with a keen and even enthusiastic appreciation of the beauties of its subject. His spirit is that of an advanced liberal; he has no blinding prejudices in favor of the faith which is popular here, and holds no theory of inspiration which should prevent his classifying together all the records of religious thought and teaching, as containing truth from God, mixed with error and weakness for which man is responsible. This is well for the fairness and impartiality of his work; it would be hard to do Hinduism real justice, if approaching it in the spirit too often shown toward a heathen faith by an aggressively Christian enquirer. But impartiality may be so upright as to lean backward; and of this failing many will not hold our author guiltless. To expect of the remote past and of the Orient the wisdom of modern Christianity and the coherence of modern thought, would be palpably unjust; but it is a different thing to observe and point out where the former fail in moderation, in concinnity, in sound sense, in that solidity which, when soaring aloft, never loses connection with the earth.

We had thought the time gone by, thirty years ago, when any one could write, for example, of the Bhagavad-Gita in the strain of almost un-mixed exaltation in which Mr. Johnson describes it. Its lofty doctrines are weighed down with infinite pettinesses, its religion with superstition, its profound reasonings with paradoxes and transparent sophistries; it lacks altogether that quality of practicality, of adaptation to the realities of human nature and circumstance, without which no religious doctrine can claim our high admiration. So also with the Hindu philosophies; as themes for careful historical study, which shall work out their underlying principles, and see what of wholesome sense and sound thought they cover and disguise, they are full of interest; we are ready to wonder at them as examples of acute and hair-splitting subtlety; but we would fain see a man of European culture in the nineteenth century hold himself a little more independent of them and above them than does our author. One who has studied the earliest phase of Hindu religion, as it was before the Aryan hue had faded away from it, with its human and hearty worship of the powers of nature, its enjoyment of life and of the good things of life, its simple belief in immortality and happiness beyond the grave—such a one can hardly help lamenting and regarding as an unfortunate distortion its later development: the artificial isolation of an iron-bound caste system; the supremacy of a hierarchy; the dominion of a ceremonial that had become empty of intelligence and faith, the unquestioning acceptance of the weary round of births, in all orders of animate existence; the consequent disgust at life, and longing for that which, if not extinction, differed from it only by a metaphysical definition; the credited means of salvation in the cognition of the absolute, and in the complete crushing out of the desires and affections that make up the best parts

of man's nature. The supreme effort of Hinduism is to enable a man, as it were, to jump off his own shadow; to strive constantly after happiness by annihilating the craving for happiness. Its model saints are men who curb their passions, deny themselves, and meditate on the ineffable during thousands of years, with the purpose steadily in view of rising at last above humanity, and wielding a power superior even to that of the gods; and the same career is open also to demoniac natures for the basest ends. Perhaps our hard-headed and materialistic age needs a liberal dose of the dreamy introversion of the Hindu to keep it from growing too earthly; but the administration requires to be very cunningly made of a remedy so little to the taste of the patient.

We have sufficiently indicated the principal and pervading fault which we are inclined to discover in Mr. Johnson's volume. Less of approving enthusiasm, more of coolness of judgment, of sceptical and even destructive criticism, would appear to us desirable in one who undertakes his task. The very first chapter, on "the primitive Aryas," strikes the key-note of the whole work, and of our imperfect sympathy with it; the picture is overdrawn and overcolored; it is rather poetic than soberly truthful. Those remarkable "Aryas," we are told, recognized soul "as not merely vital breath, but thinking being." They had "made a distinction between concrete existence and abstract being"—a distinction too fine-drawn for most even of their cultured descendants to appreciate. They "venerated a mountain plant, and used its sap as a symbol of life renewed through sacrifice"—rather an embellished account of what was probably the mere deification of an intoxicating juice. Their "primitive monotheism, more or less vaguely defined," is, in our view, much too vaguely defined to allow of even its dimmest outlines being discovered. Through all the chapter, and elsewhere, Mr. Johnson reposes undue confidence in Pictet, the wildest and most unsafe of guides in this direction. He even reports approvingly the lively Frenchman's curious opinion that if the Hindus did not, like some of their neighbors, invent an alphabet, it was only because they had risen, by the wonderful development of the powers of the memory, superior to the need of such an external aid. No one in our author's position is to be fairly blamed for sometimes placing his reliance on the wrong authority; but we might almost have expected that he would perceive Renan's attribution of Prakrit speech as a special consequence of the peculiarities of the female organization in India, to be an almost laughable blunder; and that he would refrain from making it still more ridiculous by suggesting that the gradual supplanting of the Sanskrit by this woman's-Prakrit illustrates the "conspicuous stamp of female influence in the historical development of Indian speech," the prosaic fact being that the women in the Sanskrit dramas talk Prakrit (along with the lower male characters) simply because it is the uncultivated vernacular, and they are uneducated and unlearned. It is, on the other hand, from a Hindu etymologist that Mr. Johnson takes the absurd explanation of *putra*, 'son,' as meaning properly 'a deliverer from the hell called *pāt*.' And we hope he has some one upon whom to put off the responsibility of his interpreting the famous and important word *nirēdna* to signify not 'extinction,' but 'no more waving as from presence of wind, no more restlessness and change.'

We have, as was natural, dwelt rather upon those aspects of Mr. Johnson's volume with which our own views are at variance than upon its obvious and indisputable merits, which are many, and which, in conclusion, we desire heartily to acknowledge. It is creditable to his industry, learning, catholicity of spirit, and kindly enthusiasm; and it will be found good food by many minds; more palatable and nourishing, doubtless, than if it proceeded from a cooler and more cautious spirit.

#### A NEW LATIN DICTIONARY.\*

THE publication of a lexicon is so formidable an undertaking that our lexicography is always more or less behind the times. This has been particularly so in Latin. The remarkable excellences of Dr. Andrews's work have satisfied students for many years, and have made them forget the date of its publication. But since the appearance of "Freund's Lexicon," of which Dr. Andrews's is a translation (1834-45), an almost entire revolution has taken place in many branches of lexicography from the study of comparative grammar, to say nothing of better textual criticism, improved orthography, and new interpretation. Of these thirty years of an activity in this direction only comparable with that at the first great revival of letters, the American student can find in his books of reference not the slightest

\* "A Latin-English Dictionary. By the Rev. John T. White, D.D., Oxon., and the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A." Fourth edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.

"A Latin-English Dictionary. Abridged from the larger work of White and Riddle. By John T. White, etc." Third edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.

"A Latin-English Dictionary, for the use of Junior Students. Abridged from the larger work of White and Riddle. By John T. White, etc." Fifth edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.

\* "Oriental Religions, and their Relation to Universal Religion. By Samuel Johnson. India." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. vi., 802.



trace. Dr. Andrews's work ought long ago to have been revised and kept up with the times, just as the English editions of Liddell and Scott have been. But as this has not been done, we ought to be indebted to a publisher whose enterprise has brought within reach a series of dictionaries like those of White and Riddle, published by arrangement with Longmans & Co. by Ginn Bros., Boston.

The series embraces three books; a complete lexicon in two volumes (2,128 pp.), a college dictionary in one volume (1,048 pp.), and a junior student's dictionary in sq. 12mo (600 pp.) All of these profess to give the latest settled results of comparative philology, as well as suggestions on points which are still undetermined. And, in general, the etymologies are trustworthy, so far as we have been able to examine. For instance, even in the smallest work, the two verbs identical in form, but different in origin and meaning, *do to give*, and *-do to place*, found in *condo*, etc., are recognized. So, also, a student can discover under *credo* why it has in the perfect a reduplication in the middle. Under *nascor* and *gigno* the real relation of those words with each other and with *γίγνομαι* is clearly indicated. So under *suavis*, instead of "probably sibilated from *adūc*, *hōc*," we find "for *suavis*; akin to Sanskrit, *śad-u* from the Sanskrit root SVAD *gustare delibare*; also akin to Gr. *hōc* *adūc*." *Suadeo* is referred to the same root. On the other side, the French and Italian phonetic equivalents are given under each word, instead of at the end of the book, so that a boy finds *conquérir* under *conquiro*, *abeille* under *apicula*, and the like, and so has constantly before him the historical side of the study of language. Of course this in one sense is no positive merit in a book; we ought to have had the same thing twenty years ago; but it is a thing absolutely essential, and is not to be found in other books of reference.

This part of the work is not so good as it ought to be. There are many omissions and some errors, but not, we think, enough to impair the usefulness of the books. For instance, under the letter *s* that letter is said to be "prefixed to some Greek words which have the smooth breathing," an error more suitable for the time of Varro than for A.D. 1872. In orthography there is still much to be desired. *Quum* still stands as the normal form of that particle, *coniveo*, *conitor* retain the double *n*, and *conicio* has a *j* more than the Romans could afford it in their version. In the stock of words and their meanings, the very great excellence of Andrews's work, upon which, with Freund's revision, the books are founded, makes the possible improvement less conspicuous. Still it would seem that the whole has been carefully worked over. There are a few words which are rare, or found only in inscriptions, many new proper names, and a large body of words and meanings belonging to ecclesiastical or law Latin. It is the last class that most

swells the bulk of the larger edition. Though it appeals to a smaller number of scholars, yet to these it is of great value.

The arrangement of meanings in a kind of *catalogue raisonnée*, which forms so valuable a feature of the original work, is carried out still further, and in many cases recast and improved. The student will recognize many new meanings which he has had to look for in other sources than his dictionary. The reader of Livy can now have authority for "*Saltus*, a mountain pass," as he has been obliged to translate it for many years. Some particles are greatly improved, especially *iam*. On the whole, the additions are considerable in amount and valuable in kind. The difference between the editions is produced by the omission of late words and meanings, and in the smallest size, by the omission of citations, though the authorities are retained. On the whole, though the series might be improved, yet, as there is nothing so good elsewhere, we should say no student could afford to be without the work in one of its forms.

*Wonders of the Moon*.—Translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin by Miss M. G. Mead. Edited, with additions, by Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, New York. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.)—Our literature has long wanted a convenient little hand-book concerning the moon. Our greater luminary has had a library of popular works, but there has been no convenient source of general information concerning the earth's satellite open to the general reader. This want is well met by the translation of M. Guillemin's little treatise; it is only surprising that it has not been given to us before, for it is a very model of its kind. Perfectly clear and simple, without any trace of the catchpenny nonsense or cheap philosophizing of some more renowned of his fellow-workers in the field of popular science, M. Guillemin's style has the imprint of a scientific spirit. His book is quite trustworthy and well calculated to give the general reader a good idea of the structure and general relations of the moon. The translation is reasonably well made. The task of the editor has not been great, the additions amounting to a page or two of text, giving only a part, a rather small part, of the work of astronomers and physicists on the moon which has been done since the publication of Guillemin's book. A number of the excellent figures in the original work have been omitted in the reprint; those which remain have suffered dreadfully in the reproduction. The new diagrams are in some cases additions, though rather coarse and inaccurate.

We must protest against the change of title. M. Guillemin has a clear right to the name of his book; it pleased him to call it simply "The Moon." In taking against his express request the child of his pen, the American publishers have made the matter worse by a lame attempt at rechristening.

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